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Fandom:	Spider-Man - All Media Types, Deadpool - All Media Types
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Character:	Peter Parker, Wade Wilson, Eleanor Camacho, Mary Jane Watson, Gwen Stacy, Felicia Hardy, Uncle Ben's Killer, Uncle Ben, Aunt May, Harry Osborn
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A Meeting with your Potential Love Life

by Chantilly

Summary

On his road on being a normal single and definitely ready to mingle dad, Wade's probably facing the absolute most nerve wracking moment of his life. It involves Ellie. Of course it does. Because all the things that leaves him breathing heavily and clutching at his heart beating a mile a minute always involves his daughter. He’s not used to being a family man, okay? But god he’s trying so hard.

[Care to enlighten everyone what this little dilemma of yours is?]

He can’t possibly! It’s too horrifying!

{A Parent-Teacher meeting!}

Zeusdamnit.

(Or that day when single dad Wade met his daughter's super hot, super gorgeous, and super nice teacher, Mr. Parker)

Notes

I found this in my fanfic folder along with my many WIPs and thought... 'huh, this is EZ why didn't I finish this?' then I realized its because there isn't much about it lol. I did plan this to be at least 3 chapters. We'll see. for now its just one-shot. Also when I said that I

wanted a light hearted omegaverse I didnt mean that i dislike the other ones with real plot it's just that there's already a lot of heat sex, accidental pregnancy, kidnapping, etc. And I think we need more cute simple ones to balance it. I really don't dislike those mentioned above. I love them for realsies. If you write those, I love you, please update if it's on-going. more inspiration to you ~ If you plan to write them, GO AHEAD. PLEASE.

Sorry for grammar and spelling mistakes. I never proofread nor beta because if I did I'd never get anything out cause I'd hate everything. anxiety's a btch smh.

Onwards then!

Meeting Your Potential Love

Wade Winston Wilson A.K.A. Deadpool A.K.A. Merc with a Mouth A.K.A. Regeneratin' Degenerate. A.K.A. Full-time Daddy to Ellie A.K.A. Sexy Fireman by Day, Sexier Mercenary by Night and on Weekends A.K.A The Alpha Top Dawg A.K.A. Canadian Sex God A.K.A. Canadian America's Next Top Daddy A.K.A --

[Alright alright we get it you narcissistic piece of scrotum]

"Rude."

{Get on with it!}

Okay so the thing is, Wade Wilson is a lot of things. He's endured a lot of difficult shit like the military, co-op missions, recon, mercenary bizz, sponging down an old lady, assassinating a politician, saving a cat from a tree, and whatever else really. He faced all of those with confidence and certainty. But ever since he found out he had a sweet sweet young daughter, his whole world did a complete 180. Sure he had a momentary crisis and opted to leave the child with his friend for her own good but after a while he figured he wanted to be there for her and be a semi full time dad.

Wade has a very normal job as a fireman… mostly for face value. He still does mercenary jobs here and there but not as hardcore when he was on his own. Juuuust very mild ones. On his road on being a normal single and definitely ready to mingle dad, he makes full use of his Image Inducer because it's not very practical to be obviously Deadpool when he's trying to be normal.

Though of course, as a fireman, he gets to face really dangerous situations as well… not that he'd die.

But the thing is, out of all the obstacles he's conquered in life, he's probably facing the absolute most nerve wracking moment of his life. It involves Ellie. Of course it does. Because all the things that leaves him breathing heavily and clutching at his heart beating a mile a minute always involves his daughter. He's not used to being a family man, okay? But god he's trying *so* hard.

[Care to enlighten everyone what this little *dilemma* of yours is?]

He can't possibly! It's too horrifying!

{A Parent-Teacher meeting!}

Zeusdamnit.

The mercenary slash fireman sighs as he trudges down the hall with Ellie holding his hand and humming all the way like she didn't do anything wrong that ultimately demanded this… this… *struggle.*

Wade's worried that he's gonna say something stupid that the teacher will demand expulsion of his child or maybe he's gonna be too passive that will be very rude as a responsible adult. God, he's not trained for this.

He can speak multiple languages but Parent-Teacher is definitely not one of them.

"Don't be nervous, dad. Mr. Parker is very nice, he's not like the other teachers." Ellie says to him with a smile on her face. A face that you would never believe punched a boy bigger than her till he's bawling. An alpha offspring can really be a handful. It's one of the things she took after him.

"Not nervous. Just a little… shaken. Daddy's a Parent-Teacher serious business talk virgin." Wade replies and heaves a breath when they finally stop by the closed front door of where the monstrous teacher is.

Ellie giggles. "Don't worry! He's not that mean. He can be a little… uhmm.. Sassy? Yeah. But you can handle him."

Her dad looks at her seriously. "Young lady do not make light of this situation. I'm still going to punish you after I thought of what that punishment will be." The pout she gives him could almost melt his heart… almost. "I'm serious, Eleanor."

"Okay okay. Will you just…" She makes a sweeping motion with her hands moving towards the door telling him to just get in there and face it like a dad.

"Right." Wade grumbles. "Wait here."

He inhales deeply and finally goes in closing the door behind him. The bright sunlight radiating from the wide windows blinded him for a moment and when his eyes refocused he scanned the room for an old fart with balding head and bulging beer belly but no… Oh no.

Lord *no*…

{Odin YES!}

What he sees... is a young man sitting by the desk obviously engrossed in work. He has pale skin that is warmed by the sunset orange glow. His coarse brown hair all mussed yet still looking presentable for some miraculous reason. From Wade's angle of vision, the young teacher's impossibly long and thick lashes appears to be resting on his soft looking cheeks. His straight upturned nose is so adorable that Wade wants to eskimo kiss it all day. And his lips, oh sweet seven pound baby Jesus, his pale pink lips slightly parted looking so delicious.

Good god, man! Ellie never mentioned this beautiful creatures as her homeroom teacher.

[Actually she mentioned a nice young omega as her homeroom teacher]

'Really? Ah but, not this *fine!'*

He can't see his eyes that are yet to look at him but Wade bets they're equally gorgeous. Probably he should maybe clear his throat and make his presence known but he just wants to look at the pretty *pretty* teacher...

{Is this gonna end like one of those porns we watch?? Oooh I hope it does!}

'Porn and reality are different, Yellow. Reality is much more boring.'

{Still crossing my fingers}

Wade scoffs at Yellow's virginal perspective on sex and how it starts. But behind him he crosses his fingers too.

Apparently his scoff finally breaks the teacher's working mode and the young man abruptly looks at him with a mildly surprised expression. And Wade crosses his fingers so hard when he sees those bright big doe hazel brown eyes glowing from how the light strikes it so perfectly.

"Oh! Sorry, I didn't notice you coming in." The teacher smiles and stands up motioning for him to take a seat in front of the teacher's desk.

"Uhh…"

The younger man blinks at the parent's dumbfounded expression. "Please have a seat!" He smiles kindly again at the older man.

That snaps Wade out of his pathetic nervous bubble. He gets a grip on himself and mentally berates himself on looking so incompetent before this beautiful omega. As an alpha that is *humiliating.* After a quick mental pep talk, he's back to his normal bravado. "Sorry, I kinda spaced out for a moment." He returns the smile the younger gave him and walks over.

"It's fine." The teacher says and outstretches his hand seeking for a handshake before the parent sits. "I'm Peter Parker. Ellie's homeroom teacher."

Wade gladly takes the hand and firmly grasps it. "Wade, Wade Wilson." Thank Odin he looks like his normal Ryan Reynolds looking self. He's pretty sure Mr. Parker will be running if he sees his decomposing meat loaf face. Feeling confident, he lets his mouth run again. "I'm a fireman and a businessman, 6'2" or 6'3" depending on which website you look, 210 pounds of pure muscle and wit and humor, I can easily bench press 400-800 pounds as cited by gamespot dot com. I'm a hot-blooded Canadian single alpha dad." The merc may or may not have ended that sentence with a wink.

Peter's smile drops, "Nice to meet you, Mr Wilson but this isn't speed dating, this is a Parent Teacher meeting. Sit down."

"Right." Wade nods completely *denied* and begrudgingly lets go of those hands that his hand engulfs.

[Nailed it]

{You have to get weird}

'It was a natural response, okay?'

[Naturally stupid]

{Naturally creepy}

Mr. Parker sits and arranges the papers on his desk out of the way and rests his forearms on the surface with his hand entangled in each other. "So... You're Ellie's dad." He more of asks than states. Wade gets it since Ellie looks nothing like him; also the mismatching last names.

"Yes. Biologically, biblically, philosophically, and literally her dad."

The brunette smiles again. "I see. And have you been informed why you're presence is called?"

Wade exhales sharply, "My dear offspring may or may not have engaged in a fist fight ultimately crushing the opponent."

Peter nods still with that courteous smile. "She have."

"Yeah. And I do apologize for that. I don't know what came over her head… but I'm sure she may have been provoked maybe a little too much? By the other kid I mean. 'Cause Ellie is really a nice kid... a little… energetic and a bit persuasive. But what can you do, right? Alphas will be alphas." He pauses and looks at the teacher searching his face for a reaction. And he appears to be listening intently and understanding all his reasonings.

"Right." The younger replies and waits if the other is going to continue speaking. And of course, Wade does.

"So yeah… what Ellie did is inappropriate in any way I totally get that. But I'm just saying that she's not all bad. She can just be one tough cookie when pushed a little too hard." And the parent

ends the statement with a purse of his lips showing uncertainty if he said the right things.

The brunette nods. “Yes, I understand and I believe so too. If it puts you at ease, I also spoke with the other kid’s -Rudy’s- guardian because I want to be fair and look at both angles of course...” Peter sighs and a sad expression takes on his features. “And it appears that his family is going through a lot right now, hence the… sudden naughty tendencies he’s been exhibiting lately. It’s his coping mechanism. I don’t think I should fully disclose the details but I hope you get the gist so that you can also understand where he’s coming from.”

Huh. Wade rarely ever did that… Listening to the other party’s story. Whenever someone that’s qualified as an enemy appears the best thing you can do is self preservation. Who the fuck cares about the other guy, right?

[Uhh… they’re children?]

‘Same difference.’

Guess it’s Mr. Parker’s omega instinct to nurture and care for everyone. But not a lot of omegas are like that anymore...

“He’s different…”

“Excuse me?”

Wade jolts and realizes that he said that out loud confusing the younger. “Oh sorry… I was caught in my thoughts.” He coughs in his fist and continues. “But yeah, I completely understand. I mean I came from a rough family too and it really is hard. I just hope he’s being reprimanded and provided support for what stress he’s going through.”

He can’t help but internally cheer when the brunette gives a bright smile. Score!

{He’s the type who likes nice guys.}

[Who likes a douche anyway?]

‘ *Hey, there are those who do. Respect preferences, man’*

{Shh! He’s talking!}

“Yeah, I made sure to be more hands on with him, actually not just him. I want to be a good support for all my kids here.” Wade can only nod and return the smile. Peter bites his lip and looks away for a moment and steers the conversation back to topic. “But of course, you’re not here to talk about someone else’s kid. But I’ve already heard Rudy’s side of things, I’m hoping to get Ellie’s and I agree that she’s a good kid… it’s just that that kind of violence is alarming. Could you maybe enlighten me on what could be the reason? Aside from being pushed too hard and being an alpha? Because I believe we are more than our biology.”

“Uhh…” Dang it. This man oozes wisdom and maturity that Wade is having a hard time to keep up. He’s not used to these kinds of adult talks. Only rarely does he. He inhales trying to dig his responsible adult self. “Uhh well… I guess she took it from me. I mean that’s all I can think of. I used to be a part of the military you see; and she loves hearing about my missions. Of course, that includes a lot of violence. Other than that, I guess I should blame our Rambo marathon… and violent video games…”

Wow. Now thinking about it, he did fill the kid with violent themed entertainment. He never did believe in those things influencing children… perhaps it does subconsciously… whatever. Damage done. He’s at fault. *Again.* He sighs, “Look, it’s completely my fault. I’m the one to blame. I’m not used to being a parental figure. But I swear I’m trying.”

Wade bends a bit and hides his face on his hands feeling anxious again and insecure. He can’t even look at the teacher again. He’s such a failure. Fuck. It really is a bad idea to take custody of Ellie.

A few seconds of silence passes and for that duration, Wade’s waiting for the teacher to tell him to get out or other negative remark.

He never expected to hear Mr. Parker call to him in a warm gentle tone. “Mr. Wilson.” His voice is sweet as honey that makes the merc look up.

The brunette is giving him a concerned look, but when their eyes met, he gave that generous smile again. “I’m not looking for someone to blame.”

“Huh?”

“You’re not here so that I can figure out who am I going to point my finger on. You’re here so that I will know what may be a reason why the child did what they did. I want to know so I can help.” Peter’s smile widens and gives a soft chuckle when the parent kept looking at him with wide eyes. “Don’t beat yourself up, Mr. Wilson. No one is mad nor disappointed in you. Ellie is very lucky to have a hard working father like you.”

{Try not to cry. Try not to cry.}

[Cries a lot.]

No. Wade’s not crying. Externally. This Peter Parker is so pure hearted it’s disgusting, annoying, and arousing.

He sees the younger man tilt his head a little to the side in a ‘waiting if you’re going to say something’ gesture. Wade coughs again trying to dispel his awkwardness. “Right. I’m just experiencing a bit of midlife crisis” He chuckles.

The younger chuckles along and waves a dismissive hand, “It’s fine. You wouldn’t believe how often that happens with the parents I meet. Anyway...” He returns to his formal posture and continues. From there their meeting went on for a few minutes with Wade flirting here and there to which the younger shuts down courteously. He’s looking for the sass Ellie mentioned but he can’t find it that much.

[It’s called being professional.]

{Haha, yeah}

‘“Haha” your ass’

As the talk goes on -with the end coming near sadly- Wade keeps his eyes on the younger and memorizes his face, his voice, his expressions, his mannerisms, anything really because who knows when he’s going to have this chance to have his undivided attention. He can’t help but notice the bags and dark circle under the younger’s eyes.

“Mr. Wilson?” Said man snaps out of his thoughts when the brunette calls for his attention… again. “Do I still have your attention?”

“Undivided.” Wade smiles hoping it was at least honest and not flirty. Though he honestly wants to flirt more.

Mr. Parker seemed satisfied by that or perhaps being polite that he is decided to accept the response and return the smile. “Good! Well that is all for our meeting. I hope you remember that if ever this happens again, I can’t guarantee that it will still be me you’re going to have to face.” He says as he stands up making Wade do the same. “You don’t know how much I asked the principal to let me handle this one.” Peter chuckles and extends out his hand and no one has to know how giddy Wade is to hold his hand again.

“Wouldn’t want that, nope! I’d be disappointed if I won’t see you.” The merc may or may not have gripped his smaller hand a little too enthusiastically and shook it. Nonetheless, Wade smiles graciously, “Thank you so much, Mr. Parker. Ellie Belly is very lucky to have you.”

“No problem.” And with that, the young omega accompanies him the walk back to the door and chatting lightly. Wade can’t help but preen at their height and size difference. He bets they look good side-by-side.

His thoughts are cut short when they made it to the door with Peter opening it for him.

“Daddy!” Ellie greets him and Wade promptly picks her up cradling her on one arm. “Hi Mr. Parker!”

Peter smiles at her, “Hello. I hope we didn’t make you wait too long.”

Ellie shakes her head. “It was faster than I expected. To be honest, I thought it would’ve taken long ‘cause I know daddy will flirt.” She giggles.

Seeing Mr. Parker’s eyes widen by a fraction, Wade sputters. “N-not that I do that all the time! I’m not that kind of Alpha, I swear!”

The brunette hums, “Could’ve fooled me. You were kinda okay at it.”

‘Kinda okay’? Did that mean, by some miracle of the universe, his flirting affected the younger. *‘Kinda okay??’* Wade is going to ask what did he mean but is cut short by the other.

“Anyway! I hope you won’t do what you did again, Ellie. You wouldn’t want your dad to come here again, do you?”

“What if dad wants to go back again?”

Peter hums in thought. A thought that’s cut off with the older man’s inquiry, “Yeah, what if dad wants to see you again, Mr. Parker? Will that kinda be okay?” The brunette chuckles under his breath at that.

“It depends. It’s kinda *not* okay if it’s for… personal reasons. I am your daughter’s teacher. It’s kinda inappropriate.”

Wade and Ellie pouts making Peter’s smile widen. “Maybe in another life, Mr. Wilson.” He turns to go back in the classroom but pauses to look back at Ellie, “See on Monday, Ellie. And…” He directs his gaze at the alpha. “Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Wilson.” And with a last goodbye, Mr. Parker closes the door leaving the Father-Daughter duo in the empty corridors.

“Daaaaad!” Ellie whines while flailing on Wade’s arm. Wade, who’s still dumbfounded because he’s contemplating if Mr. Parker did or did not say those words to him coquettishly. He kinda says it flirtier than his normal tone…

[Stop saying ‘kinda’!!]

{Yeah, it’s kinda annoying.}

White goes beast mode in his head after that but Ellie whines again bringing his attention to her. “Daaaad!! If you’re gonna marry again, can it be Mr. Parker?! He’s young, pretty, and kind! I want lotsa baby brothers and sisters too! Like… 4…. Each. I’m gunna be a good big sister I promise! Please dad? Pleeaasse?!”

“Hush, child!” Wade berates clamping his daughter’s mouth with his free hand and animatedly turns his head left and right to look around then crouches down low after and whispers close to Ellie. “We don’t want others to know of our plans! We must be vigilant -” And the both of them looks around for any enemy, “We must be smart-” They nod at each other. “And we must not be hungry!” Ellie squeals in delight when her dad bounces her up and kisses her cheek messily making loud kissy noises.

“Daaad! Stop!” She pushes his face of her with his nose protruding up like a pig’s from how her thumb pushes up to it making Ellie laugh. They bicker for a while until Wade announces that he’s really hungry and so they went off -not quietly.

Meanwhile inside the classroom Peter couldn’t help but smile as he hears all the commotion the father-daughter are causing outside.

He looks at the incredibly neat penmanship of the man when he filled up the required papers for the meeting.

“Wade W. Wilson, huh?”

Bumping Into Your Potential Love

Chapter Summary

-Possible inaccuracy of educational attainment facts since writer is not from the US
-Using Peter's fat brain and skinny wallet as a plot hole cover
-Exes as besties (impossible! but Peter needs friends)
-MJ's perfect eyebrows
-A cake that has no closure whether it's been finished
-Inescapable bandwagon

Chapter Notes

Remember when this was a one-shot? Well lo and behold, it's continued! Thanks to all your support -your comments and likes! This chapter is Peter's POV. Dont expect much at his characterization since I already established to myself that I suck at writing him.

OKay Leggo!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes we think we have things figured out. For as long as Peter can remember, he's always wanted to become a scientist. Leaning towards BioChemistry and perhaps some BioTech on the side. Although along the way of pursuing his degrees, he suddenly realized that he wants to share his love of science. He remembers that when he was a kid there are only a few teacher who actually showed real enthusiasm in the field. Peter wants to change that. He aspires to encourage more future generations to be passionate about science… or whatever subject they aspire really he just wants to help them as much as he could.

And he loves children, he's quite good with them. So he strays off from his scientist dream for a while finishing college with a degree majoring in BioChem minor in BioTech, and adding Education Studies and bam! Peter Parker became Mr. Parker science elementary teacher extraordinaire.

Peter did try his hands at a much more advanced level of course and substitutes once in a while back at Midtown High. It's a nightmare really. They didn't respect him much probably because he doesn't look any older than them. He looks a bit younger if he was to stand close to those big jocks. Also, those proud egotistical teenage alphas kept coming onto him. Which is *hilarious* since back when he's in High School, not even the horniest alpha would even attempt to make a pass at him.

But he did enjoy it when those annoying know-it-alls dare to mock and assume his lack of knowledge only for Peter to smoke them *down to the ground* . Gently and slowly of course; he doesn't want to hear from the board about making a snobby student cry. And so, the young omega opted to stay teaching elementary kids. They're *way* cuter and more eager. They can be naughty yes but it's okay. He can handle naughty children. He can't handle naughty high schoolers.

Some people imply that he's wasting his honors and education by teaching elementary Science but he's having none of it. He's still young, he's got time to be a scientist later on but right now he's quite satisfied with his life even with the humble pay grade his career offers.

He gives as much as he could to his family so now as he waits in a restaurant for his friends, he scribbles down his budgeting for the month on an Adventure Time themed notepad and an orange tinted gel pen complete with a perfumed scented ink and glitters -gifts from the kids he tutor when he has the time. Peter can't help but smile at how adorable kids are as he writes down his allocation of expenses.

"...food…rent... ?... I think I paid that?... whatever… uhh… insurance. Why do I even have that… hmm…" The brunette is so engrossed in what he's doing that he didn't notice two women come up to his table.

"Earth to Parker…! Your dates are here~!" Peter looks up with a surprised expression when he hears Felicia's familiar teasing. Gwen is standing next to her with an amused smile. "Gee, Pete. Will we ever see you with your nose out of your notebooks?"

Peter smiles, "It's a note *pad* ." He raises the item to their attention as he rises from his seat to give his friends a hug. After that they settle on their seats with the blondes across the table from him. "Where's MJ?" he asks as he puts away his things back to his messenger bag.

Felicia gives an exasperated sigh, "Ugh… probably still working on the other brow." Gwen chuckles at that and agrees.

"I'll have you know, I can perfect my makeup in under 4 minutes." Comes the voice of their red headed friend. She sits next to Peter after sticking her tongue out at Felicia. "I can't believe you guys, haven't ordered anything yet!"

"We just got here, you should blame Peter." Gwen replies as she begins looking at the menu.

“You didn’t like what I ordered for you guys last time…” Peter grumbles.

“You only asked for *water.* ” And Peter laughs remembering what he did.

And so their weekly lunch out every Saturday begins with their ever present banter and gossips that Felicia and MJ always, *always* , manage to gather every week. Peter isn’t really much for gossips but he tries to be active in those topics as much as he could. Gwen mostly nods and gives quick responses since she’s just too busy with her food.

This is one of the things that most people find *incredible* about Peter’s life; his great friendship with his 3 exes. He dated Gwen back in High School but broke it off year before graduation since they’re both too focused on academics. And there’s that bit of competition they had that’s not nurturing their romantic relationship so they decided to just be friends.

Peter met MJ back when he’s still a kid, they were neighbors but she and her family moved a couple of months later. They met again in college and dated a few months later, but it ended after a year since Peter was too busy. It was a rough break up but then they reconnected as friends as well. He met Felicia after college, they’re relationship’s rather short and only lasted for 3 months. They really didn’t have much problems being friends since there wasn’t much romantic attachment to begin with.

Peter’s thankful to have such great people in his life and at one point had been his alpha. He continues to muse as he sticks his fork in the chocolate lava cake he ordered for dessert.

“So Peter.” Said man’s eyes widen and pauses with the fork still in his mouth.

Oh no.

It’s that *tone* .

That *‘I have heard some* interesting *news about you.’* tone of MJ.

Just when he thought he can finish his dessert in peace.

And now the blondes are leaning close to him as well with a very curious look in their eyes. “I’ve heard some *interesting* news about you,” Oh *God* there it is.

Peter swallows the cake in his mouth rather nervously. He scrambles his brain for whatever the heck has he done this week that will be ‘interesting’. Did she find out that he likes to sing death metal while in the shower?! Nah, she already knows that. Probably one of the reasons she broke up with him. Haha.

Hahaha.

“So I heard--” MJ ever the doll she is will supply the answer for him. “You got it on in the classroom with a hot dad of one of your students.” She ends her statement with a suggestive arch of her sickeningly perfectly shaped eyebrow. Gwen and Felicia visibly gasps with Gwen keeping her mouth open looking scandalized and impressed at the same time while Felicia gives him a ‘I knew it’ look.

“You had *sex* with one your students’ dad?!” Gwen ‘whispers’ getting the attention of the other people in the restaurant. One mom shakes her head and covers her son’s ear. A group of alphas and betas raise their glass and thumbs up at him. The waitress taking an order stopped writing and looked at him like he personally offended her and her ancestors.

Peter looks at his friend unimpressed, “Why don’t you repeat that louder? I don’t think the kitchen crew heard it.”

“So you admit it!” Felicia accuses. At least her volume is low enough to keep the conversation in their table.

“No!” The brunette exclaims a bit louder making him blush for a moment when the attention goes back to him. He leans his head lower and continues in a hushed volume losing the audience around them. Maybe. Whatever. Eavesdropper is what they are if they pursue on listening even with a lowered tone. “I did not have sex with Mr. Wilson...!”

MJ gives a shit eating grin, “‘Mr.Wilson?’ Is that his name? Is he really hot? I bet he is. If he’s not I’d be offended. I mean come on… look at *us* .” She motions at the other female alphas. Okaaaay fiiine. Peter admits they’re hot. He honestly can’t fathom how he managed to ensnare these attractive and capable alphas in the first place.

“For the record-” Peter holds his fork up as if to make a point, “-looks aren’t *everything* . And, I told you, I didn’t do anything inappropriate with him. It was just a meeting.” He chuckles at the obvious disappointed looks on their face. “Though he is kinda funny…” And he goes on telling them about his very descriptive intro of himself, his pick up lines, his dad jokes, his references that Peter would’ve loved to dive in with had he not been in professional mode, and everything else.

Unbeknownst to him, as he’s talking about his time with the alpha, the women are sharing looks with each other. Happy to see their friend being lively and enthusiastic about someone again after a miserable break up with a certain someone.

Peter hums along the music he’s listening to as he examines the apples before him, putting in his basket what he deems good. After their lunch, he parted with the girls who are catching a new movie. He didn’t really want to watch it since he’s not into chick flicks. Besides, he needed to do some grocery shopping hence his wandering in the supermarket.

He softly sings along the first verse while getting milk and debating if he should indulge himself and get chocolate milk as well. It isn’t much of a debate since he did get it after 10 seconds of pondering. The brunette turns to move along with his eyes locked on the strawberry milk and vowing to get that next time.

As he promises mentally to the fruity dairy drink, he didn’t notice someone who’s squatting down picking out beer in the fridge causing Peter to bump into him and almost lost his footing.

“Hey watch--! Oh… Mr. Parker!” Wade stands up quickly with a giddy smile. “What a coinky-dink seeing you here!”

“M-mr. Wilson!” Peter looks at him with wide eyes not expecting to see him again *this* soon. Is it not only 30 minutes ago that Peter’s talking about this man to his friends? He feels himself blush, it isn’t really like him to talk about someone behind their back. Maybe this is karma for doing that. But he didn’t even say anything bad about him! He didn’t even mention that small mustard stain on the front of his white shirt he’s wearing during their meeting making Peter turn his attention to that and inevitably noticing the alpha’s *gorgeous* muscles.

Wait what?

Nope!

You're not allowed to think about that Peter!

Dang it, he's doing it again -looking at Mr.Wilson's muscles. Why… *Why* do his tops always look so *tight* .

'Or… he's just really big.' Peter's traitorous mind supplies. He hears the older man chuckle bringing his attention to him. His face particularly.

"Baby boy likes what he sees?" Wade asks in a low husky tone unlike his usual light bubbly voice making Peter panic internally even more. Jeez, he's acting like his awkward fourteen year old again. Totally not cool.

The brunette coughs in his fist and straightens himself out making himself look less awkward and gawking. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Right right." The alpha acquiesces his answer and proceeds to get the beers he's eyeing earlier before the omega bumped into him.

Peter is in conflict if whether he should converse with the parent or excuse himself. Which is odd because he's usually good with parents as well. Okay so maybe this is different since he's *slightly* attracted to Mr. Wilson. He should just excuse himself… "Uh… What are… You doing here?" Or not.

And wow. He really should brush up on his social (potentially flirting) skills. Though he didn't have problems talking to the older man when they were in school… His shyness is acting up again, dang it!

Wade straightens out again after getting what he needs and turns back to the young omega. "Some grocery shopping, as you would… In a grocery." He gives him an amused smile.

"Oh ah… Of course." Peter nervously chuckles, "Silly me. In my defense, you could've been catching Pokémon and decided to grab some groceries while you're at it."

The alpha laughs. "Actually I was playing, though groceries was my main mission here. I caught a

Goldeen in the fish section, and Eevee at the chips aisle." His grins widens when the brunette's eyes sparkled.

"You got an Eevee!?"

"Yeah! Look--" Wade fishes his phone out of his back pocket. Peter almost laughed at the pink phone case with Hello Kitty print. It's so adorable that a big ass alpha like Wade will have that. The older man lowers the phone and angles it so Peter can see the screen, though Wade still keeps it close to him so that the omega will have to stand hip to hip next to him.

Wade unlocks the screen apparently the last thing he's doing in his phone is send an almost naked selfie of himself to a guy named 'Weasel' with the message: "SUCK ON THISS WEASEL". The only thing that's hiding the alpha's private parts is an elephant plushie with it's trunk pointed up heavily resembling a phallus. Peter's immediately goes wide, fortunately (or unfortunately) Wade quickly closed the tab, "Whoops, that was inappropriate! Sorry sorry."

When he opens Pokémon Go, Peter recovers and chuckles, "Those weren't the Pokéballs I was expecting see." The moment he says that, Peter regretted that he might've turned off the alpha. Surprisingly, Wade guffaws. "Me neither, I'm so tired of seeing those Pokéballs of mine but I love 'em anyways." And Peter laughs as well.

Wade shows his recently caught Eevee which Peter coos at. He tells Wade how he loves Eevee because it's so cute and it's awesome how it can evolve to different types. To his satisfaction, the alpha agrees and apparently his favorite is Jigglypuff, because it's pink and sings everyone to their demise. After a few minutes of chatting about the game, the two decided to finish their shopping together so they can talk more.

As they go on, Peter can't help but feel elated. It's been so long since he get to talk to someone like this. Not counting his friends and family of course. Mr. Wilson is so easy to get along with; he understands him, he can keep up with his bad jokes, and he's genuinely interested in all that Peter says and gives his own 2 cents on some topics keeping their conversation dynamic.

Though no matter how he feels that he's growing to like the alpha, he can't help but wonder if it really is alright to even be in a relationship with him… if ever. He *is* his student's father. Of course, it's not illegal per se, but there could be bad rumors and other forms of repercussions for both of them. Actually, not just *them* but *Ellie* as well.

Yet talking, walking, and standing alongside this man feels right for Peter…

It’s been so long since he felt this kind of bliss.

Not after --

“---The hostages are saved! Thanks to The Human Torch who swooped in just in time to--!”

Peter turns his attention with a mortified look on the televisions on display in the small appliances section in the market. He looks at the screen watching how Johnny Storm smiles at the camera and wave to his myriad of fans --his *groupies* -- the young omega seethes. He snorts and turns away not noticing Wade’s confused look. The alpha looks at the TV and scoffs, “The Human Torch, he’s a human nightmare for us firemen.” And Peter finds himself smiling lightly.

They continued the rest of their shopping in a calmer atmosphere unlike their lively banter.

Wade did ask if anything’s bothering him, but he only told him he’s just grown a bit tired. Which isn’t a complete lie. Peter’s already tired for *tomorrow* and the next day and the next and the next and so on .

After they got around to paying for what they bought, they stood outside by the exit, “So….” Wade starts.

“So....” The younger continues trying not to sound eager but the way he peers at the older, who’s keeping his gaze to his muddy combat boots, Peter’s brown eyes searches to catch the alpha’s blue eyes and when he does… oooh and when he does… Wade’s lips slowly curls up in a sincere smile mirroring Peter’s.

The older man scrunches his nose in an overt show of hesitation but still with that cute smile, “So uhh… I *really* like talking to you… and I already talked to my daughter about this and she’s totally cool with it like the greatest offspring that she is... if ever it happened of course... which me thinks is *impossible* because I’m sure you’ll say ‘no’ but I’m gonna do it anyways because I’m a big boy and can take a boo-boo to the *corazon.* Though I’m gonna cry really hard because I adore you really bad which is kinda crazy since I just met you but I’m not lying when I say that I dreamt of our marriage last night. Like the actual ceremony, not the… honeymoon part… Not that I don’t like to! ‘Cause whoo mama you’re *hot* and totally bangable and I wouldn’t mind *at all* having a sex dream about you which will happen knowing me…. And….” Wade bites his lip to stop himself when he realizes Peter’s looking weirdly at him but with mirth dancing in eyes. “...Aaaand… I’m totally creeping you out right now….”

Peter scoffs, “Are you serious?”

“Shit, I ruined my chances, didn’t I? Fuck, sorry, I didn’t mean to sexualize you so suddenly. I swear, my attraction to you is not coming from my groin. I can feel my arteries attempting to explode when I look at you. ‘Cause..uhh… uhh…. Fuck… Fuck. Fuck. I’ll just… leave!” And the alpha turns with his shoulders hunched and every intention to run away when a gentle hand touches his bicep halting his movements.

He’s expecting a slap or a punch or a kick but he hears an amused chuckle and Wade turns to see Peter step closer to him. His bright hazel eyes looking at his cold blue eyes making those *goddamn arteries* panic.

The young omega assesses the older man and can’t help the smile his lips form. Just when Peter thinks he’s the most nervous flirt ever, Wade outdoes him. *‘Silly alpha…’* he chuckles. Wade just looks uncertainly at him and Peter grins, “From what I understood from all that is: are you asking me out on a date?”

Wade’s eyes goes wide and he staggers in excitement, “Y-yes! Yes? YES! Yes yes yes! W-will you? Will you.... go out with me?”

Ellie’s enjoying her quiet Saturday so far; Eating ice cream, watching the latest episode of Squirrel Girl, and now just lounging in the living room couch. The solemnity is inevitably broken when her dad comes barreling in the house. She didn’t even hear the car pull up the garage!

“Elllliiieee!!” The young girl yelps when her dad suddenly picks her up and spins her around. “Oh dear daughter!” He exclaims with a southern accent as he lets her down and he plops down on the couch with an *impossibly* giddy face.

She’ll humor him of course. “What is it, daddy?” She asks with a southern accent as well.

“Oh sweet pea! Daddy asked the fair maiden Parker for her hand in *matrimony* !” Ellie’s gaped and her eyes went wide. Wade laughs and goes back to his normal accent, “Nah. I’m just kidding. I just asked him out on a date. But who knows, right?”

The little alpha cheers, “Yes! Finally! I’ve been shipping you guys before you even *met* !”

Wade pinches her chubby cheeks, “Of course you did you little hipster, you!” Ellie giggles and hugs her dad tight with him returning the embrace, “Now! You gotta help me come up with date ideas!” Hearing that, Ellie immediately runs upstairs saying *‘I got it, dad! Wait there!’*. Wade smiles to himself as he holds his phone thumbing the screen.

Meanwhile back at Peter’s apartment, the omega is lying on his side on the bed while clutching a pillow and eyeing his phone. He let’s his eyes fall shut from exhaustion only to be awaken by his phone buzzing.

Seeing the caller made him smile and answer immediately. “Hi?”

Chapter End Notes

To be frank, I had a debate if i should scrap the idea of Peter's past romantic relationships with those ladies and just go for platonic from the start but I really can't ignore it. They're part of his life and I don't want to throw it away. 'Sides, Peter's such a sweetheart here. Who wouldn't stay with him, riiight? And he's forgiving and kind. So whatevs. Not important anyways lol.

Thank you for reading! I hope it's an okay decision to continue this o.o I just got so pumped up from the lovely comments! Next chapter will be the date!

Lemme know what'cha think!

First Date With Your Potential Love

Chapter Summary

-HE'S ALLIIIIIVVE!
-Not for people with stage death arachnophobia
-Wade the gentleman

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT: there's something weird about when I update or post. It doesnt appear at the very top. it gets pushed down sometimes halfway in the page even when those fics above mine was hours ago. Timezone perhaps? idk. so there may be times that fics that you're waiting for an update is somewhere in the middle or at the second to third page.

(less important) Later than normal update :((but it's a long chapter! Like... two chapters worth by my standards. I do more or less 3500~ words per chap, this one's 7500 words. (•̀ ω•́)✧ I am here to satisfy your taste buds for fluff and sweetness and some bitterness.

Thank you for the love and support!
Onwards!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s amazing how *real* friends will go from one end of the Earth to the other just to help their bro out. Either that, or your good enough friend will literally destroy you if you don’t. That’s what Weasel is feeling as he sits on the big alpha’s very domestic beige couch in his very domestic home in a very domestic neighborhood.

It is *sickening* .

But what can he do right? They’re good friends.

He watches lazily and tiredly as the merc - oh sorry, *fireman* - pace the living room floor with a nervous Bob from HYDRA sitting next to him. Ellie’s sleeping upstairs so fortunately they don’t have to censor themselves. That’s about the only thing Weasel likes at this moment; that and the free beer and nachos the merc - *ahem, fireman*- had the decency to lay out for them.

6 hours prior to this, Wade F. Wilson -'F' for 'fucking'- called them about an urgent matter and he needs their help. Weasel thought it's for a merc biz and he needs more ammo and new weapons but no… the guys asked for a *stuffed animal* … or rather bug. Stuffed bug. Whatever the fuck he's holding right now.

From what Weasel gathered, Wade's got a date and he's literally pulling *all* the strings to complete his gift ideas. Weasel had to call all the connection he has to complete his task *on time* lest he suffer the same fate as this sucker next to him.

"Where are my flowers, Bob?!" Wade booms at the cowering agent -ex-agent-.

"M-mr. Wilson, I-I called the supplier a-and they said it'll be here in the m-morning…!"

" *'M-m-morning'?* Morning?! Bob, I asked Weasel to get me a stuffed animal-

[Bug.]

{Where?!}

-that *doesn't exist* until now! I told you get me *flowers*. Motha' effin' flowers!"

"Froooom Japan." Weasel adds trying to at least help out the other guy. "Dude, that's like, a whole other country that's on the opposite side of the globe. Give the guy a break." Wade only stares at them, his expression unreadable under the Deadpool mask. Weasel slowly leans to the panicking man next to him and whispers: "You're so fucked." Making the other jitter more but to their surprise, Wade only shrugs.

"Could you please call them again *now* and ask if they can guarantee its arrival before 9am *sharp* tomorrow? Thanks." The merc - *fireman!!*- asks sweetly. The dangerous kind of sweet. Bob immediately salutes and goes to the other room to call leaving Wade and Weasel in the living room.

"Soooo who's this date of yours, huh? This is the first time you made this kind of effort for a fucking *first date* . Are you this desperate to get laid? 'Cause, man, I can just hook you up, they're new ladies in your favorite strip club who I know wouldn't mind banging your ugly ass for the right price."

Wade looks at him lazily, “Okay one, my ass is fucking *magnificent* . The face is the problem, a’ight? Second, I’m not looking to get *laid* . This is true love. *True. Love* !” He flails his arms to emphasize his point and then animatedly continues. “This is someone I can see myself spend my miserable immortal life with! As long as he’ll have me! And grow a family! A ‘ *family’* , Weasel! Not that me and Ellie aren’t a family now but you know what I mean!”

“No I don’t.” Weasel deadpans and reaches for another can of Budweiser and the nacho bowl. “But-” he pops open the can, takes a sip and cradles the bowl of nachos. “-I’m gonna humor you like the best buddy I am and let you tell me *all* about this new puppy love of yours.”

And with that the merc -oh sorry, *fireman* - glows in excitement and begins telling him like an excited teenage girl who met her all time boy band member crush. In that moment, Weasel wonders why they even bother with buying ridiculous amounts of weapons and explosives when the alpha’s babbling is enough of a torture device.

Ah well… at least he’s happy.

That’s his last thought when he dozes off in his last attempt to eat another nacho.

--

‘This is it! This is it!’

Wade prepares himself trying to shake the nerves away as he stands before The Door. Peter’s Door. THE DOOR. He is going to knock The Door and be greeted by the omega’s beautiful face. He is going to knock. Yup. He sure is. Ooooh okay. He will do this.

{Dooo it! Dooo it!}

He can do this. Yes!

But he doesn’t. Yet.

God, what if Peter doesn't like his gifts?! What if he looks at him and thinks he's *ugly* ?

[Uhhh…. You ARE?]

'…'

Okay, he's right. But not right now, damn it! He had Weasel make sure his new Image Inducer (trademark on the way) is working 200% efficiently. The tech he uses now since he became a 'normal' dad is new. Instead of the old one where it looks like a belt, it's now reduced to appear like a wrist watch. Pretty neat and more convenient compared to the past design if you ask him.

But none of that now! He has The Door to conquer!

And conquer he did! He finally managed to knock three times and he tries to calm himself again.

The Door opens and--

"God Almighty!" An older man probably in his early to mid fifties almost jumps in shock when he sees Wade. Or rather what Wade is holding in his arm. "Son… why do you have a *giant* spider."

"Uhh…" As he's still gathering his thoughts as to who this man is, another person appears and slightly pushes the man earlier a little to the side so they can share the door sill and look at who's at The Door.

It's a lady also appearing to be in her fifties. She smiles gleefully at him, "Oh hello there, dear! You must be Wade! I'm May and this is my husband Ben!" Miss May introduces themselves and ushers him in the humble one room apartment. He gives them a shy smile and sits down on the wooden chair by the dining table as offered by the nice lady.

Before he further studies the flat and its contents, the bedroom door opens and Peter comes out as he's drying his hair with a towel and in his indoor clothes. Peter smiles at him, "Wade! You're early I haven't even dressed yet." he chuckles albeit a little embarrassed and hangs the towel behind the bedroom door.

The alpha immediately stands up in attention and Jesus his mouth *dries* when the brunette walks toward him letting him get a whiff of his lovely newly bathed scent.

{Keep calm and--}

[*Please* don't finish that meme]

"Hi." Peter greets him sweetly when he's close enough. The omega touches his shoulder and pulls him to give him a friendly kiss on the cheek--

But no! Wade *can't* allow skin-on-skin contact lest the younger will feel his crater textured epidermis. So with his quick thinking, he pulls back and stutters, "I-I… I brought you gifts!" And he puts the said gifts between them.

Doe brown eyes blink slightly cross eyed from the small distance of the items. One is a large rectangle box with a white bow, while the other is a-- Peter gasps loudly. "Oh my god!" And he slowly takes the plushie from the alpha and cradles it. "It's a Gooty…" he says in awe. "This is so gorgeous Wade. And very realistic!" Peter muses as he strokes the metallic blue fuzzy fur of the 24-inch Gooty Sapphire Tarantula plushie.

Wade watches as the omega continues to study the stuffed arachnid doll thing.

{Wow he's really amazed!}

Yellow says and Wade agrees because of how obvious Peter's eyes light up in wonder. Those eyes look back at him and Wade can just *melt* . "Thank you so much, Wade… I love it."

The alpha preens and grins, "You're welcome!" Remind him to give the bastard Weasel a present for pulling this off! "Oh yeah, look!" Wade says as he motions to take the plushie for a bit and show him that there's a small nub at the Gooty's rear that when pulled, a thin rope can be pull up to 3 feet and when the limit is reached, a sudden tug to the rope will retract the rope back to the spider again. "You can hang it up like a real spider!"

Peter's practically *glowing* from joy. "This is so cute! I don't know what to say..."

“Hoooold that thought, I have another gift.”

“No *way* .”

“Well what else is this, box am I holding then?” Wade asks rhetorically as he emphasizes the box in his arm with a gesture of hand. “Here, ya go.”

“Gosh, Wade. You really shouldn’t have…” Peter says when he takes the box that’s offered to him and Wade holds the Gooty for him. He’s on the process of unwrapping it when Wade adds,

“Nah no probs. Also I’m gonna have to preface this and say that maybe I should’ve showed that first ‘cause it’s less amazing than the spidey plush.”

“Oh believe me, Wade. This can be a box full of packets of ketchup and I’d still be happy.”

The omega uncovers the box and he lifts the lid and he gapes with his eyes wide a little speechless.

“Um… should I have just given packets of ketchup?”

His voice made the younger’s attention linger back to him with an appreciative look once again. “Wade, they’re gorgeous.” And again the alpha in Wade *fucking preens* having pleased the omega.

Unbeknownst to them, the old couple is watching them from the side, with Aunt May smiling happily and Uncle Ben a little more reserved yet amusement lingers in his eyes. They’re glad that Peter is genuinely happy. This ‘Wade’ is so far making a good impression on them. From their angle, they can’t really see what the gift is but Peter reaches his hand in and pulls out a beautiful bouquet of crimson and white flowers they’re not familiar with.

Peter eyes the pure white flowers which he identifies as Ivory Easter Lilies, although there are some white flowers that are of the same kind as the striking crimson red ones he’s not familiar with. “I’ve never seen these before…” he remarks.

“Those are Japanese Spider Lilies. I kept the spider-theme ‘cause I heard you like spiders....” Wade answers with a nervous chuckle. “Hope I’m not overkilling it.”

“You’re not.” Peter says and grins at him happily. “This is so thoughtful. Thank you.” He titters and adds, “We haven’t officially started our date I’m already pretty happy.”

And Wade feels completely over the clouds from that.

--

In the couple of minutes with Peter changing clothes for going out, Wade had the pleasure of meeting the omega’s aunt and uncle. They told him that they just came by to visit and called Peter last night if he's free for breakfast. He thought they’re his parents but close enough; they raised him after all. They are a lovely beta couple but when it comes to the welfare of their little boy, they can be as tough as an alpha and Wade wouldn’t have it any other way.

A little after, Peter emerges from the bedroom dressed casually as per suggested by the alpha and opts to wear a white t-shirt with a print of Howard the Duck, straight brown jeans, and black canvas shoes. His hair still a bit messy though it’s obvious that he tried to comb it down and the hair just won’t cooperate.

He is *adorable.*

{And hot!}

“Well this is casual. Is it too casual?” The brunette asks.

“Nah, you’re perfect.” Wade answers with a grin and Peter smiles timidly and mutters a small ‘Thanks.’

After a few minutes of chatting with the older couple with Aunt May fussing over Peter’s hair and the omega whining how she’s embarrassing him, and Uncle Ben *mildly* interrogating Wade about stuff like his age, work, etc. Of course, those are some things he can’t fully disclose in complete honesty but he answers them as *close* as he can so as to not feel guilty about outright lying. So he just says that he’s 43 -technically, he didn’t really do much any aging since he was 39 and chronologically he’s almost 50 but he’s not gonna say that lest he gets accused of being a cradle robber and 43 is such a sexy number. Although, that lowered age still kind of put off the older man since apparently Peter’s only 25--

“Ugghhh I’m turning 26, Uncle Ben!” whines the omega in the background still getting fussed over by the kind beta woman.

But Uncle Ben only ignored him and expects Wade to answer about his job and he answers that he’s a part-time fireman and he has a…business abroad… the kind that helps the less privileged people and keeps them safe. Which isn’t far from the truth. And it appears that his *‘charity’* work impressed the older. Uncle Ben is about to ask more questions, fortunately Peter drags Wade by the arm towards the door.

Peter lets go of him to give the old couple a kiss on their cheek and excuses himself to ‘go out with the nice, alpha’ and a ‘Remember to lock the door when you leave.’ and saying goodbye all in one breath. After that rushed farewell, Peter pull Wade out the apartment and closes the door.

“We’re *never* gonna be able to leave if we stayed longer.” The younger sighs.

Wade chuckles, “I thought they were cute.” And Peter gives him an apologetic but agreeing smile making Wade blush a bit. He coughs in his fist keeping himself together. “So uhh. Shall we?” He says holding his arm out for the other to grab making Peter chuckle and pat his arm not taking it.

He flashes the younger a grin not offended that he didn’t hold onto him. “Let’s go then?” The younger nods and they are a couple of steps off when Peter startles remembering he forgot something and tell Wade to stay there for a moment as he rushes back.

Peter didn’t get the chance to knock since Aunt May suddenly open the door and hands him his messenger bag, “I already put your things in, your med, your pills, a hanky, tissues, your wallet, camera. I even added condoms!”

“ *Aunt May!!* ” The brunette exclaims scandalized.

The beta lady only giggles and kisses his forehead. “Have fun, dear!” And she closes the door on him. “Be safe!” She hollers beyond the door.

Wade’s grin widen when he sees the younger walk up to him a mad blush on his face crawling down his neck, “I’m sorry ‘bout that… Aunt May can be way out there.” The older laughs and waves it off.

“It’s fine. ‘Sides, nothing embarrassing ‘bout always having a condom with you. Only assholes shame omegas for that.” He shrugs. Noticing that Peter’s staring at him with an unreadable expression, Wade decides to lighten the mood up by adding: “Also, she didn’t really have to put some for you, I brought my own.” He winks with a playful grin making the younger gape and then laugh.

Wade smiles and once again offers his arm only to be denied again.

“Sooo where’re you taking me for lunch, oh big strong alpha.” Peter smirks up at him as they stop at a red light.

“I was thinking of somewhere… classic.” Wade replies as he pulls up the hand brake so he can lay off the brakes and turn to Peter. The brunette scrunches his nose at him as he thinks of somewhere ‘classic’. Wade couldn’t help but smile at how cute the younger man is when he has that expression on him.

He just wants to kiss him so bad but he can’t.

Still, his happy just by sitting beside him.

Peter nags him about where’s he taking him and Wade shrugs cooly. “Five Guys.” And the brunette *glows* . He so got this date in the bag... Well so far that is.

“How did you know about my love for Five Guys?!”

The alpha feigns a shocked expression and gasps, “Well how can you not?! It’s a religious experience!”

“That’s what I keep telling everyone! You don’t know how many people diss on my burger church.” Peter says as he shakes his head and Wade laughs at how genuinely passionate he is about Five Guys Burgers and Fries. Then, Peter proceeds to talk about his past dates who won’t let him eat at Five Guys because they keep taking him to fancy places even when he already told them he’s much happier at Five Guys or Popeyes-- “I mean I know they’re trying to impress me and showing me that they can provide for me as my alpha but come on let me suggest! Don’t you

agree?”

Wade is too busy watching how Peter banters and loves how his voice sounds. How it changes pitch here and there, how his eyebrows are so expressive when he rants, and how he has a little hand gesture from time to time, that he didn’t really here the question much. The car honking behind them didn’t really help.

Thank god the boxes gave him a bit of a recap.

Now normally he wouldn’t trust shit what they’re saying but it seemed right enough so he replies, “Yeah, I think an alpha should always listen to their omega, what they’re needs are, what they want.” He flashes him an honest smile as he continues to drive and Peter grins at that and nods and goes on again about different things now.

[Wow, ain’t he a little chatterbox]

‘I know. I’m in love *.’*

And Wade pitches along chattering which is his basic nature. They talk all the way to the restaurant and even when they get there, only taking breaks when they’re eating. And whoa mama, can Peter eat. He can’t help but wonder where he puts all those away... and as he’s pondering that, Peter apologized that maybe he’s turning him off for how he’s pigging out and Wade grins at him telling him how he’s never been turned on so hard making the younger blush and chuck a piece of french fry at him.

Lunch goes by very smoothly that Wade really couldn’t believe it to be honest. Everything is going *too* good in his favor that he’s scared that something gonna fuck it up.

But oh well, pray for the best.

After lunch, Wade ask Peter if he’s okay to go to Coney Island for the rest of the afternoon and unsurprisingly enough, he’s ecstatic about it. It’s a bit of a drive to go there but hell, at least they have that time together.

For real though, this is the most perfect, the smoothest, and the most *mundane* first date he’s had. Usually they’re a mess, that or it really isn’t much of a *date* date rather more of a fuck-now-get-to-

know-you-later sort of thing. Hell, they haven't even *held hands.*

The most physical contact they had is when Peter dragged him out of the apartment and when he's about to give him a kiss on the cheek.

This is too pure that he can't believe this is actually happening.

But it *is* happening and Wade grins because it's been *so long* since he's felt… normal… and content... And at *peace* .

--

When they get to the amusement park, Peter's *buzzing* with excitement like a little puppy going to the park for the first time. Wade feeds off from that happiness and he finds himself at bliss as well. They take a ride on different park attractions and the brunette taking loads of pictures of them, of him, of himself, of the park, and a bunch of random shit that surprisingly looks good when Peter shows him the photo.

"I'm so glad we went here! I haven't gone out to taken pictures in a while." He says as they walk around and he's holding his camera looking at the photos he's taken and deleting those that are unnecessary.

"So you like photography, huh?" Wade asks and Peter hums in affirmation making the older nod. And then he looks at him slyly from the corner of his eyes, "Photography or spiders?"

The brunette scoffs, "Come on, man. Don't do that to me. That's like asking me who I love more, mommy or daddy?"

"Yeah but don't kids most often choose mommy."

"True. But I kinda choose neither mommy or daddy though."

Wade leans down a bit, "Oooh, and may I ask why is that?"

Peter raises a brow at him but with a smirk, “Yes you may. Well you see, my parents are both scientists. Real busy. So no surprise that I don’t have any siblings. They don’t have time for kids. Grew up with them always off to work, and when they’re home they’re in their own studies. Grew up playing on my own.”

“Neglectful?” Wade pipes in.

The brunette purses his lips in reminiscing and then shakes his head lightly, “Not much. I mean, they won’t push me away. They’re not snobby. They just prefer giving me books that are *way* more advanced for my age at that time and leave me to my own devices. My dad, whenever he’s not too busy, he’ll tell me about what he’s working on, about spiders.” And Peter smiles at him which Wade returns in understanding. “So I guess, that’s why I’ve grown an interest in them… ‘cause they remind me of the times my dad had the time for little ol’ me. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t hate them. It’s just that… they left me when I was 7? 8? I don’t remember. And then a couple of weeks later… They’re dead. Gone before I even warmed up to them.”

Wade can see that there’s a hint of sadness in his eyes even when there’s a small smile on his face. The boxes are mad at him for ruining their date by making Peter sad. But Wade thinks that the date isn’t *ruined* yet he still mutters an apology for that and the omega gives him a genuine smile.

“It’s fine. What kind of a date will this be if we didn’t get to know each other more?”

And he smiles back at him. “Right. Besides, you’re lucky you have Uncle Ben and Aunt May.”

“I am. They’re the best. Kind of embarrassing me sometimes but yeah, the best.” Peter chuckles a bit and then continues. “Still though, sometimes I look at other kids with their parents and wonder… how does it feel like? You know, to be with your parents? Having that kind of dynamic and bond with them?”

Wade lets out a breath because boy oh boy, does *he wonder as well* . “...I wouldn’t really know. My mom died giving birth to me, and my dad’s a complete ass. Literally beats the shit out of me.” He chuckles humorlessly and he feels gently hands on his bicep but he keeps his head in front as they walk lazily. He doesn’t want to see Peter’s eyes looking sad which is most likely the expression he’s holding right now.

White tells him to drop the subject but he doesn’t want to keep that part of him from Peter because that’s a part of him that he won’t keep from *anyone* . He shrugs then continues, “I hated him *so*

much. I heard some neighbors foreshadowing my future that I'm gonna be as abusive as him when I become a dad 'cause well… statistically speaking, that's what happens. But no. I promised to myself that I'm *never* going to be a bad father. I'm not perfect but… my Ellie Belly is well fed, well taken care of, and well loved so I guess I'm doing a decent job a so far."

He never hides that part of him because that's a part of him that he's fucking proud of.

Wade's about to flash him a proud smile but Peter quickly gives him an embrace around the waist startling him and halting their stroll.

His blue eyes goes wide and his face heating hip. He sees people around them giving them a knowing smile and he feels even more shy. Peter's face remains buried on his chest and his embrace goes tighter for a bit and Wade isn't sure if it's okay to return the embrace…

He *so* wants to… but fuck… is it *appropriate??*

[.... are fucking serious right now?]

{That's it! I'm convinced that the big guy's been replaced! This is the longest we've gone without wanting to touch someone's booty!}

[Booty? Hell, he hasn't even attempted to hold his fucking hand.]

{We're aging backwards!}

'Shut the fuck up right now! Do I hug him or not?!'

Before they can come to an agreement of what's best course of action to take, Peter pulls back with a smile and runs of calling back to him: "Come on I'm hungry again! Let's get some hotdogs!"

Wade just stands there dumbfounded, his fingers twitching, but after a second he chuckles under his breath and catches up the younger. "Whoever throws up first will carry the other piggy back style!"

“You’re on!”

--

Fifteen hotdogs later, two sodas, one cotton candy, five amusement park rides, and a couple of booths later, the two are happily simply frolicking around the park once again. They stop for a while because Peter said that he need to delete a couple of photos from his camera and so they just stand there with Wade in front of him and the younger’s focus mainly on his camera.

Wade’s patiently waiting and thinking of things they could do. It’s almost 6pm, the sun’s getting low, and soon enough it’ll get dark. His eyes wander around the different booths with games, shops, and other attraction. He sees a little girl persistent on winning a big stuffed bunny in a shooting game and a part of him wants to win for her… maybe later.

Peter’s still fiddling with his camera and Wade’s attention is still wandering and then his eyes train on a couple of teenagers horsing around by one of the booths. It’s that game where you shoot a target with a bow and arrow. Although this one uses arrows with a blunt straight tip that is essentially dangerous which he isn’t sure is allowed but then again there may be some age restriction as to who can play… or no one just gives a damn.

Out of all the people here he’s the least qualified to judge that to be honest.

He didn’t really dwell on it anymore and he turns somewhere else… but then he hears a shout, a loud curse, and he turns back to them again on high alert and he sees the arrow is accidentally released on *full draw heading to the back of Peter’s head* .

Wade’s about to move Peter out of the way but suddenly as if something snaps he sees the younger’s eyes go wide and alert and he swivels half turning catching the arrow *easily.*

Time stops around them and everyone who’s sees the commotion is in shock and relief… mostly shock.

The omega is panting from panic perhaps and his hand remains where he caught the arrow, his eyes set on the arrow tip merely an inch from his eye.

After a few seconds, Wade exhales, “...How?”

It’s *impossible* for him to catch that. He didn’t see it. He *couldn’t* have seen it. No one even *warned him.*

Peter’s still in shock and Wade takes the initiative to gently hold the other’s hand that’s gripping the lethal projectile and whispers for him to let go. The younger does and Wade puts his arm around the other’s shoulders and rubs him soothingly, “Hey… it’s fine. You hurt?” Peter twitches a shake of his head and the alpha gives him a peck on top of his head in assurance.

Wade then glares at the culprits who are still wide eyed in shock and guilt. “You.” He points the arrow to the one who released it. “Come ‘ere.” Wade orders in his tone of voice when he’s in full Deadpool mode making the teenage boy and his friends visibly cower.

The younger alpha obeys and meekly come up to them.

Wade stands taller asserting his stronger dominance over him and the younger pales. “S-sorry! I… I didn’t...didn’t mean-” He motions to touch Peter as if to check if he’s alright but Wade booms a loud growl at him making almost everyone around them back off. “ *You don’t touch him.* ” He seethes through his teeth and the young alpha apologizes profusely almost in tears.

Peter finally comes into focus again and he looks around, his mind registering Wade’s obvious full on alpha mode towering over a younger man cowering as he apologizes. He looks around and sees onlookers too afraid to intervene.

Quickly he turns to Wade and grabs his arm pulling him back. “Wade!”

Said man looks at him and slowly comes back down from his primal instincts. “I’m alright, Wade…” His hand traces down to one of alpha’s hand that’s clutching the arrow. He pries his fingers of and takes it from him.

The brunette holds it out to the younger alpha but he seems too afraid to come near and so Peter gives him a gentle smile and slowly the teenager takes the arrow from him. Peter gives him a rub on his head soothing the terrified alpha. “Sorry, omega…”

“It’s okay… Can you talk to the owner of the game for us? Settle it? I don’t want any more trouble.” With a last stroke on his cheek like a pup, the young alpha nods and walks back to his

friends.

“How’d you do that?” He hears Wade whisper to him still in a rough gravelly voice. “Catch the arrow.”

Peter turns to him with eyes tinged with horror and panic. He opens and closes his mouth trying to come up with an explanation but words keep catching. “I...I’m..It’s-- It’s not-”

“Are you a mutant--?”

“ *No!* ”

His outburst surprises them both and Peter’s visibly panicking and looks around as if looking for an escape in a room slowly closing down on him. He feels a hand grab his arm and he flinches back, except the hand hasn’t really grabbed him *yet* . Looking up he sees Wade’s blue eyes searching him for answers. Answers he’s not ready to give.

The older man seems to have calmed himself of any curiosity and holds his hands up in a non threatening gesture. “Hey. It’s okay. Okay? Sorry if I freaked you.” And he offers a kind smile.

Peter blinks and breathes out still a bit fidgety. “Yeah... I’m okay. T-thanks.” He looks down his eyes darting around the ground beneath his feet pondering. With a strong exhale, he gazes back up to his date with a better demeanor and he gives a small smile and pulls the camera strap from around his neck and hands the gadget to the alpha. “I… I need to go to the washroom for a bit. Hold this for me?”

“Um.. Sure! Sure...” And Wade takes the camera from him. Peter gives him a reassuring smile before jogging off to the general direction of where the washrooms are.

[He’s mutant I say.]

‘Obviously.’

{Not that it’ll affect us!}

[Not a bit.]

'...But it's affecting him.'

{Well duhhh, with all the shit mutants suffered from, it's no wonder he'll be scared of what you, a 'normal' citizen would think.}

Wade *exactly* knows what Peter may be fearing. He understands enough to not make Peter feel like he's gonna think of him any different. Because really, he doesn't give a shit if Peter has the freakiest powers ever. As he waits for the younger, he looks at the camera in thought and starts it up sifting through the photos.

Earlier in the afternoon

"Come on, babe. When are you gonna stop pointing that camera at me?" Wade says at the giggling omega 'sneaking' photos of him. "I swear being held at gunpoint wasn't this scary."

"Whhyyyy? It's just a photo." The younger pouts at him.

"I don't like em."

"Awww… I like 'em."

Wade smirks. "Like how I look or like me?" And he realizes how personal that question is for him but Peter doesn't. The brunette looks up in thought.

"Well… your looks are literally a part of you. And I like you. So I guess I like you whatever you look like, 'cause well… It's you *." He gives a nervous laugh because he practically admitted to having some feelings for him. "It don't make sense, does it? Here!" And he drags him by the arm in what seems to be a random direction and tells him to stand there as he talks to a stranger seemingly asking to take a photo of them.*

Well at least the stranger looks like he knows how to handle a DSLR.

When Peter jogs back to his side, he insisted the alpha to put his arm around his shoulder or something that'll insinuate in the photo that they're together as dates. "Come on, you don't want to look like you're my awkward stepdad, do you?!"

"Well maybe I'm into that shit." Wade replies complying to put his arm around the smaller's shoulder.

"Gross!" Peter laughs and elbows his rib.

"Don't kinkshame me, son. Now smile at the cam'ra." The alpha says as he looks at the camera with a bit of laughter. He notices that the guys is continuously snapping pictures of them and the little prick has a shit eating grin on his smug face. "Jesus, man. This isn't a sports shoot, calm the fuck down with that shutter."

The guy mutters a quick sorry, which he so doesn't mean but stops nonetheless and instructs them on the photo and one release of the shutter he takes the photo.

Present

Wade looks at it and admits that the ass did a decent job. The park looks alive in the behind them and the sun and sky is calm. The clouds look at it's fluffiest and the sunlight at its warmest. His arm around Peter and the younger leaning to him snugly. It's a nice photo.

But admittedly, he liked those where they're candid. When Peter is laughing with his head tilted down as he does with his messy hair matted down, and Wade's looking at him grinning. He's holding Peter closely to him almost embracing when he's doing that to try and get the younger to sober up so they can take a decent photo.

He looks at Peter and he really is beautiful. In every angle, in any expression. While *he* … he isn't. Whatever hotness he has now, isn't real. But he can't just exposes himself just yet.

Meanwhile in the washroom, Peter stands by the sink and breathes hard with his hands clutching the counter to hold himself up. After a couple of calming breathes, he opens his bag and takes his

‘special’ pills. He swallows it dry and closes his eyes and breathes…

Inhale… Exhale….

Slowly he can feel the meds start to kick in. The loud buzzing, the thundering vibrations under his feet, and the psychedelic vibrance of the world around him begins to dissipate to the dullness of normalcy.

He sighs in relief.

“Stupid…” He berates himself for forgetting to take it again earlier. Normally when he feels his hyper sensory abilities start to kick in, he’d take the pills again -drugs he made himself to suppress his *curse.* But it just felt so *normal* when he’s with Wade like the world *is* meant to be that loud, like it *is* meant for it to be that bright and vivid, like it *is* meant for him to feel the earth moving all around him.

Every shift. Every pull. Every change.

He can feel it and it’s *okay.*

On hindsight, it’s a blessing that his powers kicked in because he would have potentially died. Then again, with the fear of being exposed to someone he’s not *fully* acquainted with but really want to is making him feel like it’s a better option than outing himself and be left unwanted.

Wade’s not an idiot. He’s goofy but he’s brilliant. Peter can see that. Peter *knows* that. Hell, even the people around them earlier would’ve noticed him being *abnormal* . Perhaps they could’ve chucked it off as his omegan instincts. Afterall, omegas’ have the largest instinct to preserve life and it could’ve been primal instincts.

But that’s not fooling Wade.

Sure he’s still pleasant with him earlier, but that’s because he’s a nice guy.

Peter sighs again.

So sad that this amazing date is going to end and he probably won't have more with Wade.

"Hey!" Wade greets when he sees Peter emerge from the crowd but upon closer inspection, he looks glum making his own smile fall. "Hey…What's wrong?" He asks when the younger is only a feet away from him. "You okay?" He leans down looking at Peter closer and trying to get his eyes to look at him. "Are you hurt? Are you hungry? Why do you have war memories on your face?"

Peter gazes up at him and he looks crestfallen. "You remember when you asked me if I was a mutant?" Wade nods hesitantly. "Well… umm… I--" He tries to explain again but it's making him almost tear up because he *can't* .

Seeing that he's clearly struggling, Wade puts a hand on his shoulder making him stop. "Look. You don't need to explain yourself. You don't need to admit to me *anything.* Mutant or not. I don't *fucking mind.* I know… you're not normal. And I understand why it terrifies you but don't think you have to force yourself to tell me about it because I'll understand whether or not you do. Okay I *may* not understand 100% but still… I won't hate you. I won't be scared of you, alright? "

And the younger looks at him with wide disbelieving eyes and wow, they do look golden when the light touches it just right. He looks at him like he didn't expect to hear that. Like it's inevitable for him to be hated. Which is just *sad* .

Wade knows that feeling.

He'd die permanently first before he let Peter feel that.

Hesitantly, he lifts his hand from the omega's shoulder and cup the other's cheek. It really is a good decision for him to wear gloves.

Peter closes his eyes and visibly relax when he leans into the touch. When he opens his eyes again, he gives a genuine smile to the alpha and mutters a soft 'Thank you. And then he grins. "Wanna know a secret?"

Wade returns the smile feeling that the tension is resolved. “What is it?” And the urge to kiss Peter comes full force when he leans his head up close to him scrunching his nose with a smile like he knows the dirtiest secret.

“I threw up in the restroom…” He whispers and Wade’s eyes light up.

“Awww shit! You lose! You gonna have to carry this alpha goodness!”

They maneuvered for Peter to attempt to carry the big alpha piggyback but Wade says something about he’s never mounted anyone in public before and other stupid jokes like that had him weak on the knees laughing making it impossible for him to lift him and they just end up tumbling to the ground laughing with people passing them chuckle in their direction.

“I caaaan’t!” Peter whines.

“Boy you so weak! I’ll show you how it’s done!” And Wade effortlessly manhandles his limbs and carries the chortling omega on his back and proceeds to run off like a mad horse jumping around and prancing.

Peter feels like he’s gonna pee from laughing. “Stop stop stop! I’m gonna poop in my pants! Waaade!”

And Wade halts and looks over his shoulder grinning at the omega who’s face is smooshed behind his shoulder. He can feel the other’s sobering up from laughing.

After he recovers, Peter lifts up half of his head to look at Wade. Their eyes almost crossing from how close their faces are and Wade’s grin widens. “You happy…?” He asks softly at the brunette and he sees the hidden smile grow when those doe eyes crinkle up cutely. Peter nods and Wade’s grin softens to a smile and asks again. “Yeah?”

It takes a second but Peter raises his head and rests his cheek on Wade’s shoulder. “Yeah.”

Their eyes meet with their lips merely breaths apart but it isn’t the time yet and they both know it so Peter chuckles and buries his face again on the other’s strong shoulder and inhales his scent.

Safety. Stability. Love. Acceptance.

That's what he gets from this alpha genuinely and he wraps his arms around his shoulders tightly basking in the warmth and strength the man has.

Wade closes his eyes and exhales a breath of bliss when he feels those arms around him.

Embracing *him* .

He'd do anything to have this for as long as the world will let him.

It's already well into the evening when they get into the front door of Peter's apartment building. Wade plays with the car keys in his pocket feeling nervous on how to end this fucking perfect first date. Peter's standing there looking anywhere but him seemingly having the same thoughts and insecurities.

He coughs in his fist getting the other's attention. "So… I hope you had fun."

Peter smiles at him warmly. "I did. Thank you so much, Wade. Even though I clearly have certain *issues* we haven't tackled."

Wade shakes his head. "No. And we don't need to if you don't feel it just yet. I'd still lov- like! Like… You either way." He visibly blushes and grins coyly at his slip of tongue and the brunette chuckles at him and says that he wouldn't mind a second date. Wade's proud that he manages to keep his cool even though he's having a rave party in his head from that.

"Guess I'll… call you?" The older man asks and Peter nods biting his lower lip.

Wade cups his jaws in each hand tentatively and leans in slowly, his eyes intent on those lips and Peter closes his eyes. Once they're close enough, the older man looks at the younger and his soft lips. And no. He doesn't want to subject them with his rough sandpaper skinned ones.

So Wade closes his eyes.

Peter's eyes open when he doesn't feel a press on his lips that he's expecting and blushing over like a teenager about to get his first kiss. Instead, he feels a light boop on the tip of his nose, nuzzling slowly and he grins when he understands what Wade is doing.

He holds onto the alpha's wrists and leans up on his toes and returns the 'kiss' giggling all the way making Wade chuckle.

It's just a simple eskimo kiss but it's enough and it's perfect.

And it's the most satisfying ending for a date he's had.

"Goodnight?" Peter whispers with the tips of their nose paused against each other. Slowly he opens his eyes and he sees Wade's piercing blue eyes looking straight at him; drowning him.

Wade smiles and gives his forehead a quick kiss. He takes his hands off Peter's jaw and steps back with his hands in the pocket of his jacket. "Goodnight."

Peter's expression is blank for a moment and then gives a shy smile as he retreats back to his apartment building one step at time seemingly not wanting for this night to end. Stepping beyond the door sill, he turns to close to door but holds it open halfway peeking at the alpha outside. "Night… Thanks again, Wade."

The other man nods; his smile not leaving.

And finally Peter closes the door and the both of them could breathe again.

Back at the brunette's apartment, he's lying on his stomach on the bed with the giant spider plush cushioning him. He can't get the stupid grin off his face while cuddling the spider and looking at

the beautiful bouquet. He’s not one for flowers, but he’s gotta admit there’s something flattering about it.

Suddenly a thought crosses his mind so he leans over the bed to pick up his bag and he takes out his meds.

He looks at the small orange container with innocent looking tablets.

Wondering...

Unbeknownst to him, Wade back at his home is having the same thoughts as he stands before the mirror without the fancy contraption hiding his macabre self.

The thought that, maybe someday… they won’t have to hide from each other anymore.

That they will see each other for who and what they truly are.

A *monster* and a *killer* .

Chapter End Notes

Plot twist, this fic's actually a being groomed to be a murder husbands type of thing lol. Nah im kidding.
It's shameless fluff through and through... still... I think spideypool needs more murder husbands au. maybe next time.

THank you so much for reading and liking this fic. Seriously, it's received a lot of love! thank you mwah mwah mwah~ I must admit I'm busy so update will be later than usual since I'm looking for a JOB. and I'm seriously having an emotional crisis.

Anywho!
Lemme know what you think and have a great day! (˘ ³˘)~*

The Nightmares of your Potential Love

Chapter Summary

Peter needs a hug. Please love him still

Warnings:
-Mentions of political intrigue
-Violence
-triggering??? well not really.
-minor character death.

Chapter Notes

So for the past chapters I gave you your overdose of sweetness. THIS chapter though, we'll rest from the sweets. I know I promised in the tags: 'fluff', but hey you'll appreciate cuddles better when you're aching and there will be cuddles!! plus I just can't help but write some angst. My fingertips have poison. It needs to type something numbing.

Thank you lovelies! Thank you for finding this fic entertaining and making you smile! (´◡`ʃƪ) your comments make me smile and strive to update as soon as I can. Oh! SuperOreoMan, I promised an update 24 hours ago I'm sorry. I did some last minute edit. hence having cut a big chunk of this. :(but it's more coherent now and less boring! xD

Here we go to Pete's dark place!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One of Peter Parker's flaws in life is that he loves quickly -platonic, romantic, familial, you name it.

Some say he has a good judge of character.

He agrees most of the time since 99% of the people he loves and cares for are still there for him and vice versa. Even his three ex lovers he's in great terms with. That one old grumpy neighbor learned to like him just fine now. Hell, even his best friend Harry's dad who can be *really* obnoxious at times is quite fond of him! Like genuinely fond. Probably because he's warmed up to

the idea that Harry can essentially marry him… which will never happen by the way. The old man has major trust issues and somehow, Peter is one of the "candidate" that he's agreed to.

Harry Osborn and Peter have known each other since they're kids and created a strong brotherly bond. Norman Osborn at first isn't fond of the shabby brunette kid that Harry keeps bringing over since he's worried that he's a little gold digger just like any other person who wants in on their family but as time pass he sees the pure intention of the obviously lonely child.

It's apparent to everyone that the reason why Harry and Peter gets along so well is because they both are quite sad and longing on the inside.

Norman didn't really see the potential growth of the relationship of course. Only when someone brought out that Peter is a great match for his son did he see that the shabby brunette who talks and thinks science too much is slowly growing up to be a desirable mate for his child.

And Norman knows that Peter is an exceptional person. Raised properly and his natural goodness will make him immensely beneficial to his company. Harry is a beta and sadly, as far as he can see, he didn't inherit his grit to command the respect of the other company and shareholders. So having a loveable and incredibly intelligent omega by his side will drastically raise the company's chances.

As they grew up, he tried to get Harry and Peter together yet it didn't work in any way. They're too fixated on being brothers that any intimate relationship seemed grotesque. Norman's adamant at first but then, Peter did grow to him as a nephew or even a son so he didn't push any further and respected their platonic relation.

Which Peter and Harry is greatly thankful for. Though there's still a hint of frustration from the old man. The hint being his decision to leave New York and having Harry continue his studies and training abroad.

But even at that, they keep in touch as much as they could.

Yes, even Mr. Norman Osborn.

He acts grumpy but he cares therefore fortifying the fact that Peter is a good judge of character.

Only one person made a hiccup in that streamlined consistency of having strong relationship that will stand any test. But that's not important right now...

It's dusk and the breeze is starting to pick up and Peter draws his jacket closes to his frame as he walks down the pavement of the empty cemetery. One hand on the neck of his jacket while the other on a bouquet with white and yellow flowers.

He comes up to a grave and as he fears, his heart pumps quickly and sobs almost form. Abruptly he kneels and places the flowers by the cement with the name he never wanted to be there. Peter chokes a cry, his fist clutching hard on his knee as the other hand covers his eyes trying to hide his tears.

One of Peter Parker's flaws in life is that he loves quickly. And he falls for Wade too damn fast that he remembers that he's not the perfect person the man always makes him to be.

11 years ago

Peter storms out of the house. His arguments with Uncle Ben escalates to a throw of shouts and hurtful words and out of his frustration he retreats. It's been a hard week for him filled with certain changes in his body that he's not quite sure how to affront people with. He opts to hide it in hopes that Uncle Ben and Aunt May will trust and understand him.

That he's not doing anything *wrong*.

But to his dismay, they didn't give him that luxury and so their heated rebuttal.

Peter huffs when the clerk -'Frank' is his name as said on his name tag and an alpha obviously- doesn't let him purchase the milk because he lacked *25 cents* . He's about to leave when suddenly, a man comes in the store. His senses go haywire and as expected his draws a gun from the back of his pants and points it at the cashier.

The man shouts for his much wanted money as he points the gun threateningly to the victim. Peter only watches the exchange because one, he isn't sure if he should run or help, and two, he feels too numb from his emotional baggage that at this point nothing really matters.

He snaps out of his thoughts when the robber turns to him but instead of terrorizing and robbing

him as well, he smirks and throws the bottle of milk at him and winks.

The robber runs off as he already gathered some cash in his bag and Peter calmly walks out with the drink he longed for. Frank is too occupied trying to get help to even try to stop him from getting free milk. At some point he did yell at him along the line of: *"Fucking useless, bitch omega!"* but Peter's too deep in his rebellious streak to even care.

What's a bottle of milk anyway?

'Sides, one of the few perks of being an omega is that people can be *very* generous at times he thinks as he sips the last drop merrily while beginning his leisurely walk at the dark and definitely unsafe streets of New York at half past one in the morning.

Distantly he hears the clerk yelling *"Robber! Robber!"* to whoever the hell will be outside that night.

A gunshot gets his attention and Frank's voice now calling for help because someone got shot draws the omega in him. He quickly turns and his world stops when he sees Uncle Ben being cradled by the clerk.

"No…" He mumbles before running towards his uncle. He sees the blood slowly seep through the cloth by his waist. Tears fall heavily and he moans in grief. Frank takes pity at the distressed omega, his alpha instincts rearing its head and says, "Hold him, I'll call an ambulance and then try to get the guy."

Another choked sob and suddenly Peter goes quiet with his face nuzzled on the injured man's shoulder. The air shifts and the alpha *pulls back* .

"No." Comes Peter's quiet voice. "I'll get him." He presses a kiss on Uncle Ben's temple and gently hands him to the man trusting him to get help. He stands calmly and turns to the direction of where the criminal ran off to, he sees the shape of the man getting smaller and smaller from the distance as he runs.

All the primal instincts along with his new abilities fuels him and he speeds off towards the obvious culprit.

He dashes at a pace he's never experienced even when he's testing out his powers. The air parts for him and his legs work to run and jump over any obstacle and quickly the distance between him and his *prey* lessens. Nothing will stop a raging omega from getting his mark.

The man he's after turns back and sees the young man pursue him getting closer and *closer* . He rounds a corner and enters a narrow alley congested by metal railings from the fire escape of the adjacent buildings and garbage cans and dumpsters alike. He tries to navigate himself through the obstacles and thinks that the young omega got tired out for he doesn't hear anyone after him.

A quiet clink on the metal grill above him makes the man halt in his tracks. He looks up and to his horror, he sees the man looming above him. His figure mostly shrouded in shadow but his eyes sent shivers down his spine.

The next thing he knows is he's tackled on his back.

Peter's senses warns him of a gun being drawn then swiftly grabs it and throws it away. The man below him is panting from panic as he pinned both his wrists down in each hand without any effort. Distantly he can hear him speaking - *begging* .

It's *annoying.* He can't think normally anymore. He's too high from adrenaline and baser senses further enhanced by the spider bite infusing all its predatory instinct to even process intellectually or even *humanely.*

All that's going on in his head is:

Enemy. Enemy. Enemy. ***Prey.***

And without thought, he's hands encircle the other's throat and *constricts.*

He can see him suffer and gasp for air. He can hear him beg and whine. He can feel him slowly *die.* But he doesn't stop. Because he's unable to pull back the beast in him. Alphas are not the most chaotic when angered. Never them. It always has been the omegas who are the most bloodthirsty when furious.

An inferno looms just beneath their calm and delicate skin and once it burst out…

Darkness.

The haze lifts and the next thing Peter registers in his clearer state of mind in he's in a cold desolate cell of a precinct. He panics and tries to get up but he feels bound. Looking around he sees he's alone and wearing a straitjacket. A freaking *straitjacket.* He knows at one point in his life he'll laugh at this but he can still feel the blood wildly pumping in his veins and the loud thrumming in his ears as the adrenaline is yet to lift.

He closes his eyes tight and after a few seconds… he *remembers.*

Flashes of the memory of *choking someone to death* comes back to him and he cries. His quiet whimpers turn to full blown howls of agony and remorse as he curls himself tighter laying on the bed on his side .

It draws the attention of the other people in the station and he hears rushing footfalls draw near where he is.

"Peter?" His cries halt when he hears that voice he's missed hearing personally. Peter lifts his head.

"Harry…?"

After that Norman and Harry Osborn helps him in a way that literally changed his life. They *forged* his frustrated murder to become… something else. Norman pulled all the strings and paid everyone and anyone he could so that Peter's crime never happened.

No records. No traces. Nothing.

Because of the Osborn's wealth, power, and influence, no one will ever know about how young 15 year old Peter Benjamin Parker killed a man.

Not even Uncle Ben, who fortunately survived the gunshot, or Aunt May knows the real story.

All they know is that Peter is still their harmless little boy.

Present

After his visit, Peter leaves and goes back to his apartment. His mood in a slump and the sky is as gray.

Anxiety's a bitch but he still has responsibilities.

It's a Saturday and so he finishes all he needed to do after spending some time in the cemetery. He graded the papers, organized his lesson plans, cleaned the apartment, and cooked dinner. All those task done without a minimal form of emotion other than the guilt that looms over him like a dark cloud thick and heavy with rain yet to pour.

Sighing he flops on his bed and gathers Gooty in his arms. A small smile creeps on his lips as he inhales the scent of the stuffie.

Ever since his first date with Wade, he's been chipper. His friends and family are glad about it. It shows in his work too. His colleagues notices a brighter Peter.

He thought it'll be merry times for him throughout because him and Wade are officially dating and the man is so sweet, funny, caring, loving, and considerate. He can actually picture the rest of his life with him. He's not getting any younger and settling down is a thought firmly cemented in his mind now.

And Wade comes along and all Peter wants is to remain with him through all time -The future, present… the *past.* He truly loves Wade but he can't fully succumb himself to the feeling unless he comes clean. Well… not *clean.* 'Honest' is the more suitable word.

Peter never wanted what happened. But anger, madness, and his *power* consumed him.

How Norman and Harry used their wealth and influence made his guilt even bigger to be honest.

Days, weeks, and months after that has been very difficult. He keeps coming to them and cries that he should turn himself over and let the system rule its rightful and just course. But Norman won't hear it and makes a point of what will happen to his uncle and aunt if their little boy is convicted.

"You'll kill them too! Is that what you want?! If you really want to repent, just live with this burden and suffer by yourself!"

And Peter shuts up.

Eventually, Norman apologizes for his harsh words and he forgives him because he's right. Peter should just live on with the nightmare gnawing at the back of his mind. The fear of himself encompassing whenever he holds something and the possibility of destroying it. The fear that he will exposed. He's not entirely sure what's the most terrifying: For people to know he has powers, for everyone to know he *killed* someone, or for everyone to know he killed someone and *hid* it by having his friend buy their way to silence.

Peter sighs heavily and starts up his laptop. He just can't let himself be alone in his thoughts again. Opening up Skype, he contacts Harry. When the other man isn't answering, he calls his phone and after a few rings, the man picks up with a groggy voice.

"..Hullo…?"

"Harry!" Peter greets joyously because it's been long since they talked and really needed a friend right now.

Harry grumbles and he hears ruffling of sheets. *"Dude… I'm in Dubai right now… do you know what time it is here? Too damn early."*

"Aww… don't you miss me?" The brunette teases but the smile on his face is starting to slip. Harry must've picked up something in his voice and he hears him heave a sigh.

"Alright. What's wrong?"

And finally Peter lets his smile fall and sighs as he rubs forehead. "The usual thing that makes me wanna talk to you and not caring whenever wherever you are because you spoil me. Can we Skype? Wanna see you…"

“Well okay since I can’t say ‘no’ to you. But I don’t love you enough to bother wearing pants, a’right?”

“We’ve bathed together since elementary to junior high, Harry. Nothing there will scandalize me anymore.” Peter states while Harry is fumbling to get his laptop that he left open because he’s too tired to shut it off.

“It’s not junior sized anymore so you might be surprised.”

“As if.” And Skype notifies him that his recently woken up best friend is calling. Peter accepts the video call and he sees a very haggard topless Harry. “Morning, sunshine.” He greets with a grin.

Harry chuckles, *“Shut up. As much as I like seeing your annoying face again, you gotta tell me what’s up. Did… something slip? Do I need to call attorney Nelson?”*

Peter sighs as he runs his hand on his unruly brown hair. “No… nothing slipped. None yet.” That made the young heir’s brows furrow with worry.

“‘Yet’?”

“Don’t worry no one’s threatening me or anything. It’s just that…” He sighs again looking anywhere but his friend and holds Gooty closer to him with his hands fiddling with one of the spider dolls’ many legs.

“... Just that?”

“I feel bad. I always feel bad. I laugh. I smile. I have fun. But… I still feel bad... y’know? I… try to justify my actions. I try to forget… I try to keep it in… yet.” Peter gives a broken smile with his eyes glassy from the threat of crying again.

Harry gives him a sad and understanding smile. *“Yet it gets too much?”* The younger bites his lip and nods looking more devastated as time goes. *“Hey… don’t feel bad about feeling bad. I’d be more worried if you didn’t feel any remorse.”*

“That’s true…”

“Did you take your meds?”

Peter frowns a bit, “No… I don’t take anti-depressants anymore. I don’t wanna be dependent. ‘Sides, I’m not as bad as I was years ago… these are just… normal feelings, I guess.”

“...Well if you say so. How about the ‘other’ meds?” Harry asks with a casual yawn, not as a show of ‘Look how tired I am, let me sleep’ more of ‘I’m sleepy but it’s okay.’

“Oh I take those without fail.” The omega answers catching Harry’s yawn and does as well. He didn’t really want to mention his past slip in forgetting to take his med for another dose in his and Wade’s first date.

Harry scowls but then gives a small smile. *“Maybe you should drop those too? Be a hero like you wanted? We made gadgets and a suit.”*

Peter scoffs. “First of all, I made the tech. You did the costume, it’s sticks to me like second skin, has claws and it’s too sexy for my tastes mind you.” The young CEO chuckles making Peter smile. “ *Second.* I’m never *not* going to take those pills. I just don’t trust myself.”

There’s a pause between them for a while. “I wanna tell Wade ‘bout… the *incident* .” Harry knows Wade from the stories Peter tells him, and it doesn’t take a smart person to know how much he’s into him. But just because Peter trusts him *that* much, doesn’t mean Harry will.

He sighs, *“Pete. Don’t. Really, don’t. You don’t need to--”*

“He keeps making me feel like *he* doesn’t deserve *me* when it’s the other way around! He *needs* to know!”

“And then what? You’ll live happily ever after?” Harry deadpans.

Peter opens his mouth to say something but he's having doubts again. The beta sighs, *"Pete. I'm not stopping you from divulging that because you don't have a chance of being with someone you like. We make mistakes, some greater than others, but what we do after is what matters, right? And you're a really nice person. The fact that there's an accident doesn't change that. But let's face it, Peter, not everyone can understand. Just come clean when he finds out somehow on his own. And if he's half the perfect prince you always say he is, he'll still love you."*

"I don't want to keep lying to him…"

"You're not lying… you're… withholding something in your past. It's different. 'Sides, you never had this dilemma on your past relationships. He doesn't need to know now. And he'll never know any time soon. Dad and I promised you that. Just live your life normally."

It is possible he can carry on without telling anyone else about this. Taking the meds he made himself with the help of Harry to suppress his powers. Because he never wants for *that* to happen again. He's too dangerous to carry on without it.

And with it, he lives like a normal citizen. No inhuman abilities. No crime committed. Nothing. Just a regular person.

He's been doing that for years now until the remorse becomes a part of him that will never go away. Becoming desensitized to the feeling. The wound that bled and stung eventually closed and became scars. Scars that covered his whole being. Crawling upon his skin tainting so much that the once unmarred becomes corroded to the point of being unmendable.

His guilt itches whenever Wade looks at him like he's someone he's been waiting for for so long. It becomes a furious shade of red whenever Wade smiles at him like he's beautiful and fragile. It inflames when Wade gives him a kiss on his forehead.

Loving Wade is wonderful and *terrifying*.

One of Peter Parker's flaws in life is that he loves quickly.

But his greatest flaw is his hands took a life and he hid it away.

“--Mr. Parker? Mr. Paaarkeeer…?” Said man snaps out of his thoughts as he unconsciously blankly stares down at the text book he’s skimming. Peter looks up to tend to his calling student before him.

“Ah, Ellie, Megan.” He smiles kindly at the two children. “Any troubles with the exam?”

Ellie shakes her head, “None sir. Meg though says she’s having tummy aches. I can take her to the nurse’s office.”

“Oh.” Peter turns to the other student. Megan Miller is a reserved and timid little girl. He can read in her expression that she is feeling something but is too shy to tell him. Good thing Ellie sits next to her. “Your tummy hurts, Meggy?”

She gives a curt nod. The older omega gives her a comforting rub on her belly and she visibly relaxes from her more rigid posture. He asks if she needs to go to the restroom but shakes her head. Then Peter stands as he closes the text book. “I’ll take her to the nurse, you can finish your exam, Ellie.” He can see the little girl pout obviously wanting to accompany her friend herself so Peter gives her a warm smile and a pat on the head. “Thank you, Ellie. You did Meggy a big favor when you told me in her stead.”

Ellie is hesitant at the moment but Mr. Parker has magical hands and gives good pats. She feels a tiny hand on her forearm and sees Megan smiling shyly at her in thanks. So she sighs and returns the smile. “Okay. Feel better, Meg!”

As if on cue, another teacher knocks on the door and opens. A young woman appearing in her mid-twenties with pale skin and strawberry blonde hair tied to a bun softly calls for Mr. Parker. Peter asks for Megan to wait a moment and he talks to her outside the room. They talk about a faculty meeting for later that afternoon and hands him some papers. The brunette inquires if she can watch over the class for a couple of minutes as he accompanies his student to the clinic. Fortunately, she’s free at that time and agrees.

After that, Peter and Megan leaves the classroom and walks hand-in-hand along the mostly empty corridor.

Lately Peter's been too easy to be engrossed in his thoughts, just like now. He doesn't notice that the little girl is looking up at him with wide curious and adoring eyes. And when he does, he asks her, "Something wrong, Meggy? Your tummy ache's worse?"

She shakes her head slowly.

The older brunette nods in satisfaction and turns his attention forward again. Then a soft voice takes his attention. "..I-is… Mr. Parker… muh-married?" He chuckles and looks back down at the curious child. Her dark almond eyes gazing up at him with the same expression as when he caught her.

"Nope. Mr. Parker isn't married." He answers and the disappointed look his student gives him makes him grin. "But I think I met my prince charming." He says making her smile wide. Megan *adores* all sorts of fairytales and she loves reading books. Seeing the enthusiasm for a story sparkle in her eyes, Peter proceeds to tell her about him and Wade in a manner that Megan will comprehend better as he uses fairytale elements and other fictional narratives.

It effectively distracts her from the dulled tummy ache until when they got to the clinic and the pain comes back again making the little girl wince almost doubling over.

After talking to the nurse, Peter turns to leave Megan after one last pat on the head and a question he's not really expecting an answer to but the little girl calls his name making him turn back to her. Megan smiles, "If he loves you, h-he's not expecting anything…"

Peter's speechless for a moment but soon his stunned expression melts into a warm smile. "Thank you, Meggy."

Peter walks along the corridors with a small smile on his face. Most of his worries in the past few days slowly dissipated because of the innocent reassurance. He feels his phone vibrating in his pocket and the name of the caller makes him happier.

"Why hello there, Wade Wilson. I'm in school now mind you…. No it's fine, I'm in the halls right now, went out of the room a bit… Mm? I don't know 'bout that, Wade. You know we're keeping this a secret for now so... You and Ellie can come over for lunch on Sunday if you want. Okay." He chuckles and whispers, "...you too. Bye." Peter puts down the phone with a stupid grin biting

his lower lip.

“Mr. Parker?”

Peter almost jumps from surprise when he hears that behind him and he turns with his eyes wide. He sees the co-teacher from earlier whom he asked to watched his kids 15 minutes ago. His brown eyes looks at her usual calm expression and wonders why she’s outside and not in the classroom and he notices that she may’ve just emerged from the restroom.

She smiles. “You look spooked.”

The brunette cracks another grin a bit nervous that she could’ve heard his conversation. “Just surprised, is all. Thank you for watching them, Ms. Carter... I’ll… take it from here.” The woman gives him another smile and tells him it’s no problem. She turns and walks away but Peter calls her and asks hesitantly, “Did… did you by any chance… hear anything?”

Ms. Carter’s face is the usual emotionless mask then she smiles again. “Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone if that’s what you’re worried about. I’m your friend and I support whatever you do. I'm happy that you're happy with your new partner. I don’t want you to *accidentally kill* your relationship just because you’re scared.” She gives a small chuckle and resumes walking away.

Peter can only watch as she rounds a corner and disappears from sight. All the color from his face drained.

‘....Accidentally kill...’

He’s not sure if her choice of words are completely random but he finds himself backed into a tight corner once more and constrained as *that night.* And suddenly, he feels like he's 15 again.

Terrified with the whole world scrutinizing him as his scars *bleed red*.

Chapter End Notes

> So in the previous chapter, in the last line where it said: "A monster and a killer" Did you guys think Peter is the "monster" and Wade is the "killer"? Because, it's the other way around as revealed (͡° ͜ʖ ͡°) or yknow, it could be both of them. technically

both of em could be a monster and a killer now. but the difference is what their perspective of themselves are. That's what separated them as "A monster" and "A killer".

Err... it's confusing maybe, you can ask me for clarifications!! Also, Ms. Carter is not Sharon Carter. i just like the surname ;)

Garpolky, is your guess of Pete's backstory correct? :DD I have a feeling its correct ^^ Everyone, Thank you for reading !! Let me know what you think and have a great day!! (♥ω♥*)

The Small Worries of Your Potential Love

Chapter Summary

-Peter having a mid life crisis at his 20's
-Wade has an on-going crisis
-Bullying is not ok
-BFFs reunited at last!

Chapter Notes

So... it's been a year, eh? I'm so sorry! But! the number of people who support this fic pushed me to continue! you guys are wonderful ! ily all thank you ! (˘ ³˘) I plan for this story to be around 10-12 chapters long so we're halfway there I guess??

anyway, this chapter is quite softer than the previous one.

I won't keep you any longer, let's go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s been three months into their relationship and Wade thinks it’s time… to brag about his boyfriend to his friends! So that’s what he’s been doing for the past fifteen minutes into his men’s night out with Logan and Remy plus Weasel by default because it’s his bar they’re currently drinking the night away.

Wade swoons as he tells them about how he and Peter finally hold hands like it’s synonymous to getting married. “His hands are *baby* soft. I’m not exaggerating! And he gripped my hand *so* shyly ughh it’s so cute!”

Remy grimaces when the large alpha sitting between him and Wolverine leans to his shoulder as if feeling weak from all the love he’s feeling. “Is this *all* we’re going to talk about?”

“Yes!”

Logan groans downing a whole bottle in one go. It’s a known fact that he can’t get drunk just like the deranged man beside him but how he wishes he *can* . Well it’s not like he has anything else to do that evening, besides, Wade’s paying for the drinks so might as well be courteous and entertain his stories. “Alright, you keep telling us how hot he is, at least show us some photographic evidence so we have something to imagine.”

He smirks at Remy and the X-Man returns it. Wade pouts turning his attention to both of them with a suspicious look. “You’re not gonna wank off to him, *are you??* ‘Cause he’s mine and that’s totally not cool. Do you not know the bro-code?! No masturbating to your bro’s boo! ”

“No we won’t. ‘Sides, have we ever done that to you?” Remy asks.

“I don’t know, have *you* masturbated to *me?* ‘Cause we’re gonna have to have the talk for that.”

“Not *you* ! Your person of interest! Ugh, just show us a photo. We want a break from your chatter.”

Wade mutters a ‘Fine’ and fishes his phone from his pocket. Logan and Remy comes close to him.

“Here we go~” Wade grins as he opens up a gallery *filled* with photos of who is supposed to be ‘Peter’. He picks the first one and hands the phone to Remy’s hand that’s resting on the bar counter letting the screen be shared to the three of them. Well four, now that Weasel comes up to them.

The other alphas scrutinize. Though Weasel’s seen Peter in the past, the image of the omega is always welcomed to him.

It’s a photo taken in the evening by the sea. A man probably early to mid twenties leaning on the rail with his forearms resting over the bars. He has messy brown hair being breezed gently with warm dark eyes. His fair skin illuminated by the myriad of colors from the background lights. Well he’s *definitely* a looker. I bit different from the usual catches Wade Wilson has. Usually Wade’s into the female alpha kinds. But hey, the man’s taste is impeccable as always.

“What’s up with you and brunettes?” Logan suddenly asks as Remy continues on swiping on the phone to skim through the photos.

Wade shrugs, “I dunno. I swear I don’t have a preference to it, it’s just that those who tend to be in a relationship with me *are* brunettes.”

“I don’t get it, man. How can *you* be so lucky?! You keep getting the hot and pretty ones.” Weasel pipes in and Logan looks at him expectantly as if wondering the same thing.

The merc frowns at them and then at Remy who pointedly who zooms at the stolen photo of Peter downing an ice cream cone. He smacks the gambler at the back of the head before responding to Weasel's question. "What? I can't get the hot and pretty ones because I'm fucking ugly?"

"Naaw!" The man with glasses exclaims while Logan shakes his head vigorously but then nods. Wade could only shrug again. Not like he's not used to his looks anyways. He hides it usually now when he's being a normal dad Wade Wilson not because he's discontent but because it's for the separation of Deadpool's life to his personal life.

[Yea but you use the same fucking name: Wade Wilson]

'Shut the fuck up there are a lot of Wade Wilsons.'

"Guess I'm just a nice guy. Plus, have you seen these guns?!" He proclaims proudly flexing his right arm. "I swear if I had a dollar for every time Petey feels up these babies when he thinks I don't notice I'd have 57."

"So he likes beef, huh?" Logan grins and flexes his own muscles.

Wade squints at him and opens his mouth to say something but Remy beats him to it, "I'm more on the leaner cut compared to you but I make it up with my face." He says quirking his eyebrows in suggestion.

Weasel 'boo's him and Wade cries out, "Are we going to ignore the fact that you're planning to seduce my sweet and innocent Petey Pie?!"

Logan snorts and Remy laughs slapping him on the back. "Relax! We won't do that!" Wade looks at them suspiciously but then just goes on telling stories jovially again.

He gets home around 1am and spots Bob who fell asleep on the sofa while watching TV. Wade turns it off and does his nightly routine before going to bed namely: checking the locks, going through every inch of their house for anything out-of-place, and kissing Ellie on the cheek as the little girl sleeps, brushing his teeth, and finally changing into a pair of sleep pants.

As he lay, he picks up his phone and looks through his conversation with Peter. He can't help but worry a little since he can feel that there's something bothering the other man. Wade asks if he's okay but the omega won't tell him what's the matter; keeps saying 'Nothing big.' or 'Nothing I can't handle.' and some other textbook excuse.

Wade doesn't push him to tell of course, but he can't help but be anxious that what could be causing Peter's distress is him or their relationship.

But taking into account how Peter would lay his head on his shoulder more often that he does says otherwise. Something's bothering the omega, and it's not him. The alpha in him prawls, itching to find out what's wrong so that his omega won't suffer. But he won't do that, because he knows Peter is strong in his own right.

All he can do is assure the other that he'd be there. *Always.*

It's Saturday morning when Peter texts him asking if Wade could accompany him in running a few errands. Of course Wade texts back an agreement. Afterall, it's been a long time since he and Peter went out.

He asks Ellie if she wants to tag along knowing that Peter wouldn't mind at all but the little girl only gives him a sly smile and declines saying he and Peter should enjoy themselves. After that decision is made, it's time to do the hardest part before going on a date: choosing an outfit.

"Daddy you only have t-shirts and jackets. There really isn't much option." Ellie informs him as he digs in his closet for something to wear.

"I know, honeybun. But it's still so much work deciding! I haven't seen him in ages--!"

"It's only been four days." The younger alpha deadpans but her dad goes on.

"And I wanna look extra nice, y'know?!" Wade exasperates trying to look for an outfit and internally decides he should shop for new clothes. An activity he doesn't enjoy much.

As he busies himself Ellie suddenly exclaims, "What about this outfit, daddy?!" He turns to her and nearly shrieks when he sees her holding out his Deadpool costume. "You look *super* handsome

in this! I bet Peter will love it!"

Wade shrieks rushing to her and takes the costume. He stuffs it at the bottom of his drawer making his already disorganized wardrobe more chaotic in his haste. Turning around, he sees Ellie looking him like he's strange. "Baby, I know you have impeccable taste but Petey doesn't know about my *real* job remember?" Wade says and Ellie opens her mouth in an 'O'

"Oooohh…. Right! But daddy, when will Peter get to know? When you two marry?"

Hot darn his baby girl is ever ready for the future. But she's right. Wade really likes Pete and that right there is an end goal that's absolutely desired. He doesn't want to keep secrets around him especially something this significant. Maybe some time around he'll plan on telling him soon.

His only wish is that Peter won't leave him.

Hours later, Wade and Peter are having dessert at a the restaurant they had lunch in for their date. It isn't really a 'date' date because their intention for going out is to pick out a gift for Uncle Ben. But hey, as long as he's with Peter, any day is special!

The day so far is well but now the alpha notices the other spacing out as he's eating the parfait he ordered. "Something the matter, Pete?" He gently asks turning the brunette's attention to him.

Peter smiles at him although obviously strained making Wade frown a little. "It's nothing." He excuses again and the older man sighs.

"You know that I got your back, right? I've been noticing that something's bothering you lately." Wade says, his eyes searching the other's face. Peter seems a little shocked that Wade noticed that there's something unsettling him. Then again, Aunt May and Uncle Ben always told him that he wears his heart on his sleeve, and his emotions are often written on his forehead with a neon orange marker for all the world to read even when he tries to hide them.

He feels the alpha's large warm hand encase his in a supporting squeeze and he can't help but genuinely smile at Wade. He's so lucky to have such a caring man look out for him and he's been nothing but a great partner. Always thoughtful, loving, and understanding.

Peter sighs, figuring that he at least owes Wade some form of honesty. “It’s just that, I’ve been having some problems at work. Nothing too serious, just…” He glances away and Wade inclines his head to capture his eyes again.

“Just?” The older man asks.

“Just… there are other co-workers who’s been giving me a bit of a rough time.” Peter finishes and turns back again at Wade with a disheartened smile. “But it’s fine ‘cause I know that… I’m not doing anything wrong.”

Wade scowls at that.

[Why would they bully Petey!?]

{They just hatin’ ‘cause they’re envious!}

‘Whatever the reason is, if Petey cries I’ll fuck ‘em up!’

Peter notices the deep scowl on his face and squeezes his hand and gives him a loving smile. “Hey…” He says gently. “It’s okay. I can handle this, I’m a tough cookie, y’know?” He says with a chuckle and Wade pouts at how Peter doesn’t want him to help. But he does trust the omega, and he knows he’s not fragile.

So the alpha heaves a sigh and offers a small smile. “Yeah, the toughest cookie.” And that appeases Peter enough to feel better and continue finishing his dessert. As Wade watches him, his smile widens. “A very tough cookie, no milk can soften you up, baby.” Peter turns to him with a confused look making Wade’s smile morph to a devious grin. “Except maybe this daddy’s milk.” and he ends that horrible pick-up line of his with an overly suggestive wink.

{My god?}

[God left after that.]

Peter chokes out a chuckle and throws a cherry at him that Wade effectively catches in his mouth

which he promptly chews with a smile on his face on successfully uplifting Peter's mood.

"That was horrible, Wade! You're paying for this lunch 'cause of that." The brunette decides trying to look annoyed but he can't wipe the stupid smile and blush on his face.

That weekday has been quite rough for Peter but not because of the teaching work itself rather it's because his co-worker, Ms. Carter has been at his throat with some pretty worsening verbal bullying. Ned and Michelle, his best friends at the faculty, *insists* he file a complaint on her but he can't bring himself to do it.

She isn't like this before, granted they aren't close to begin with. Peter's relationship with Ms. Carter is that they're colleagues and acquaintances at best. She's normally quiet and docile, now she's suddenly little miss Regina George snapping at him.

That's why Peter doesn't want to take this to the head of the school yet because maybe there's a reason why she's treating him with such prejudice about being an omega and about his relationship with a student's parent.

It's not illegal! He keeps saying that but she doesn't listen.

Peter tried taking the high road and talking to her about if he's done something wrong. But she doesn't want to talk like adults! So yeah, he's been getting straight up bullied by his officemate. The brunette had to beg every time for his co-workers not to report for his sake. He doesn't want to compromise *anyone* .

Well except maybe himself.

Thankfully, it's Friday.

Walking out the school with a heavy sigh, he pulls his scarf closer as he begins to walk home. At least, that's his intended destination, but a sleek white and clearly expensive car pulls over to him. The driver's side lowers its window and there reveals a grinning Harry Osborn.

"Hey Pete!"

And Peter almost weeps seeing his all-time best friend again after five months. “Harry!” He almost leaps into the window from how he enthusiastically tackles Harry into a hug.

The older man laughs at his friend. “Okay okay! I missed you too!” Peter chuckles and lets go off him and composes himself again with a sheepish apology. “Come on, we have catching up to do!” And with that, the childhood friends goes off to rekindle their lost time without each other.

The thing is, Peter doesn’t lack friends. Yes, he only has a small number of them but he’s content with that. He’s comfortable with a handful of close friends and he considers all of them as ‘best friends’. But if you ask him who is his ‘bestest’ then he’ll have to answer: Harry.

Yeah, Peter can be quite open with MJ,Gwen, and Felicia. Maybe to Ned and Michelle too. But there are things he can’t tell them. Harry, however, is different. They literally grew up together, they’re like brothers! They’ve seen and known the most embarrassing and downright scandalous things that happened to each other. There isn’t *anything* that Peter will be ashamed in telling Harry.

So that’s why he’s been spilling his guts on the older man for the past half hour in the cafe Harry’s treating him in. People walking by would take a second look at the establishment to see if it’s a bar they’re in because Peter cries like he’s a drunk man. Actually, he isn’t crying… just very close to it judging by how he sniffles.

Harry wants to hug his friend, but he knows the moment he touches him, the younger will *bawl* . So he’s still gathering the strength to handle that as he’s listening along.

“--And I’m just so stressed about it, ya know? Ugh… I don’t know what to do…!” Peter ‘concludes’ and slumps his head on the table and weeps.

“Uh…” Harry dumbly enunciates as his eyes look around at the people around them at the cafe who glances at them and Harry is sure that most of them think they’re a couple who’s having quite a conundrum that *he’s* at fault with.

He’s pretty sure about it because more than two people look at him to *fix* this because no one on their right mind can bear a distressed omega.

The beta scoots his chair next to Peter so he can lay his arm on his friend’s shoulder. He leans

down so he can softly talk to the younger. “Hey… come on now. I know what you can do!” He encouragingly says making red and moistened brown eyes look at him.

“Yeah…?” Peter asks quietly, his head resting on his crossed forearms on the table.

Harry nods with a kind smile. “Let others help. Sorry, bud, but you have a bad habit of self-sacrifice all because you don’t want others to stress about you. Sometimes you have to see that your friends and family worries about you more when you don’t let them take care of you.”

“I don’t know, Harry. It’s kind of a petty problem…”

“Hey, it’s not petty if you’re out here crying.” The older man chuckles when Peter blushes in embarrassment and buries his face in his arms again with a groan. “Also, if you don’t file a complaint soon, I will. Or your friends at work will.”

Peter pouts at him. “No need for that, I’m not a kid.”

Harry raises a brow at him. “Then you’ll do it, yeah?”

The younger brunette contemplates before nodding. “You don’t think it’ll get messier if I did? I mean… what if Carter goes after me harder? Ugh… why is this happening to me…” He whines again.

“Oh come on, Pete. She’s the one in the wrong. Stand up for justice! I mean… between you and me…” He says softer. “I’m still hoping you’ll be a superhero.” Harry’s grin widens when his friend glares up at him.

“You just wanna see me in something tight.” Peter accuses and Harry shrugs.

“Well… you need a break from those baggy clothes for uncles with big bellies.” The older man laughs at Peter’s affronted face. “Come on! I swear to God, whenever dad sees you wearing shabby clothes, he *calls* and *orders* me to get you better clothes. He even has a gold credit card on the ready for when you decide to give yourself a makeover.”

By now Peter's already hiding his shame in his hands making Harry's teasing grin widen. " *And*…. I bet your new boyfriend will appreciate a form fitting outfit."

That takes Peter's attention. He fans open his fingers to reveal his widened eyes at that idea. "You think so?"

And Harry goes on convincing him that Wade will appreciate something a bit more sexy outfits from time to time. Call it a quarter life crisis or whatever, but Peter's seriously thinking about doing something different to spark up his relationship. Which is odd because it's not like he and Wade are married for twenty years who's drifting apart because they're not as intimate as they were

Also, Wade and him haven't even kissed yet! Peter's brows furrow at that. Wade must think he's such a prude! Which he isn't, he's had plenty of sexual endeavors in the past. Is he a sex fiend? No. But is he conservative? Not so much either. But he is self conscious, mostly about his looks so he never really does put a lot of effort to 'look good' because he doesn't even have the confidence to try on a more 'fashionable' look anyway. So he figures that being presentable is enough...? Did that bother, Wade? Will it bother, Wade?

'Gosh…' Peter gapes at his incredibly pure no-skin-contact romantic relationship. How have they lived like that? Peter wonders for a moment if Wade is the prude one as he listens half-mindedly at Harry's preaching about couple intimacy helps prolong a relationship. Harry who hasn't been in any real relationship in three years. Yeah, he's not listening completely to him. He's not a love guru.

But holy crap are these some appalling thoughts! Wade and him haven't kissed yet! They've been together for *months* . And Wade is *not* a prude, Peter concludes. He's pretty sure the alpha is very interested in those things judging by the number of lewd jokes and lecherous stories mentioned in passing.

It's just that… Wade never really pushed him to anything. Nor even implied. Wade appears completely happy with eskimo kisses. Is he waiting for Peter to initiate or give a go sign?

Peter clutches his head at that. But he has! Multiple times! But it all ends up with a chaste contact. There is even that one time they went to watch a movie. A movie in which Peter got bored halfway because he's seriously not into romantic dramas, so what he thought would be a better use of his time was to… was to… make out, okay? He's going to put it out there that he lacks shame during certain situations (so he's definitely not a prude) *and* Wade's strong delicious arms felt so nice around his shoulders and he got a little…. *Excited* .

So to put it bluntly, Peter wanted to make out in the dark. He even did all his little tricks that certainly guaranteed him a make out session. And the brunette got absolutely giddy because Wade was obviously *interested* in his devious idea. But then Wade cleared his throat and muttered something under his breath and pulled back before *anything* happened.

Peter lets it go as always but now thinking about it… Wade shows interest in intimate contact but does *not* engage in them. Ugh… this is confusing him so much. He's forgotten completely his stress at work.

"Are you still listening?" Harry asks.

"No." And Peter deadpans at him because he really isn't anymore. His eyes watch as Harry scoffs unoffended and take a sip at Peter's drink. "Wade and I haven't even kissed yet…" He says out of the blue. That makes Harry sputter with amusement in his eyes.

"Seriously?"

Peter nods with a smile. Come to think about it… even if he and the alpha haven't gotten to the more intimate aspect of being in a relationship. He's still very happy. He finds, love without the carnal nor physical desire is still -if not more- heart filling. At least he knows that Wade isn't just in on this relationship because of physical and sexual attraction.

So much after that, Harry gives him a ride back home chatting a way as they did because they need a lot to catch up to but alas, Harry needs to go since he has a fancy dinner meeting with businessmen. *'Boring businessmen!'* Are Harry's exact words.

"So I'll call you tomorrow? If you're free we can go hang out at my place. Dad's been nagging me to nag you to have lunch with us. Old man's too prideful to invite you himself!" Harry laughs and Peter chuckles along.

"Yeah sure! I'd be glad to." They say their farewell, giving each other a tight hug. "I really did miss you, Harry…" The older man lightly chuckles.

"Missed you too, Pete. Once this whole training thing is over, I'll make sure I stay here more often." He says, loosening their embrace. "Besides, jet lag is such a bitch. And I like seeing your face for real than in video chats." He chuckles.

Peter smiles at him. “I’d appreciate that too. You should get going, you don’t wanna be late. Love you, Har.”

“Love you too, Pete--” Harry’s reply is cut short with a yelp because of a strong punch that comes in contact with his jaw and sends him falling on the hard pavement.

Peter gasps and turns his attention to the culprit with a glare. “Hey!” And seeing the person who did it, his eyes widens. “Wade?!”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys are still here xD

I've started a next chapter. I just need time and willpower lol. I'm also working on an update for my oldest multi chap, 'Paradigm Shift' but that one I can't fully promise, 'cause I cant fully remember the story anymore. But I'm willing to try if people still wait for that, so holler at the comments pls! Another one is! I made a new fic! "On our Right-Side Down" please do check it out! I've re written it because I want it to be better :D

Thank you guys again,
Lemme know what you think!

The Fear of Losing Your Potential Love

Chapter Summary

-THIS IS NOT AN APRIL FOOL'S
-Wade's on-going crisis: the sequel
-Shut Harry up 2018
-Jealous!Wade. jpeg
-My kink: forehead kisses
-hold me

Chapter Notes

You guys!! I'm so happy for the old readers who still read this! also grateful to the new ones! ^_^ i love you all!
I am sorry for grammar and spelling mistakes here and for my other fic 'On our Right-side Down'. My eyesight is getting poorer and my eyeglasses havent been updated yet to match my eye condition. Although I did do my best to proofread

Also i've rounded up my casting for this production (what)
Peter Parker -Andrew Garfield (Tom Holland is too young for me and I wrote this before Spidey: Homecoming)
Wade Wilson - Ryan Reynolds
Eleanor Camacho - Madison Pettis (when she was... 10 years old?)
Harry Osborn -Richard Madden
Johnny Storm - Scott Eastwood
Aunt May and Uncle Ben - Martin Sheen and Sally Field (as they are in Amazing Spider-Man)
Gwen Stacey- Emma Stone
Mare Jane Watson- Karen Gillan
Felicia Hardy-Natalie Dormer

Of course, these are all my personal visual representation xD You all can imagine who you want.

We are quite near to the climax of the story so please strap in!
ヽ(ﾟДﾟ)ﾉ
Onwards!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Love you too, Pete--” Harry’s reply is cut short with a yelp because of a strong punch that comes in contact with his cheek and sends him falling on the hard pavement.

Peter gasps and turns his attention to the culprit with a glare. “Hey!” And seeing the person who

did it, his eyes widens. “Wade?!”

Wade is absolutely furious. Peter rarely sees the other man expressing his alphaness but when he does, he’s downright *terrifying*. Come to think of it, this is only the second time he’s seen the normally kind and cheery alpha become vicious. The omega shields Harry who’s recovered and sitting up, cradling his swollen cheek. The beta spits blood and demands what’s wrong with the man who punched him unknowing that it’s his best friend’s boyfriend.

Peter pays him no mind, only focusing on calming down his aggressive alpha. “Wade, calm down… Harry is my friend…” He reasons carefully. Wade only narrows his eyes at him and Peter gulps. “My best friend… I mentioned him to you many times, remember? ‘Harry’?” Incrementally, the alpha calms down but still with a sour look on his face.

“Childhood friend, Harry…?” Wade clarifies gruffly, his eyes looking at the man behind Peter, who manages to stand up and size him up as well.

The brunette smiles trying to add a positive energy since he’s sandwiched between two obviously opposing forces, “Yeah...that Harry. My best friend who’s like a *brother* to me.” He emphasizes.

And that fully subsides Wade’s anger, huffing a sigh. However his face still holds a light frown.

{He never said Harry is this rich pretty boy!}

[Whelp, we just lost]

‘Hey, I can afford a Lambo too!’

[Yeah but you’re not as dashing as Richard Madden.]

{Why does he have to be Richard Madden!?}

‘I know. I wanna weep because of his beautiful blue eyes.’

As Wade's having an internal woe along the boxes, Peter and Harry are just staring at him. "Is… Is he alright?" Harry asks apprehensively, whispering at his friend while his eyes remains at the alpha who looks focused on *something* .

"Yeah, he spaces out sometimes." Peter deadpans, completely used to… whatever this is. He turns to Harry and his eyes widen seeing the impending swelling and the trickle of blood from the other's nose. "Oh my God, Harry!" The omega exclaims and gently cradles his friend's cheek to check on him. "How are you even still up?!"

His loud worry snaps Wade's attention back to them and he feels a bit guilty in harming his boyfriend's best friend. Although Harry's lucky Wade didn't land a good punch on him in his haste.

The beta winces when the younger man touches his swelling cheek, "I'm fine, you wouldn't believe how often I've been punched and slapped." He says with a light chuckle.

Peter smiles. "Knowing you, I actually believe it."

Wade coughs in his fist to get their attention. "Uh… sorry, man. I just thought there's some… something going on."

Harry smirks and accepts his apology without any grudge. Peter being the worry wart, urges them to get in his apartment so they can treat Harry's face.

{His dreamy face…}

Wade visibly cringes at yellow's unabashed swooning as he follows after the two friends.

Back in Peter's apartment, they settle in the small dining area with Harry and Peter sitting -the first aid kit perched on the table. Peter unceremoniously stuffs a cotton ball in Harry's bleeding nose making the older man scowl at him and the younger stifles his laugh.

“You’re enjoying this too much, Parker.” Harry says with a morphed voice as the omega pinches his nose.

Peter smiles sheepishly and denies, “I do not!”

“Here.” Wade hands the beta the ice pack he prepared. The other man gives his thanks. “Hey, I’m really sorry about this.” He apologizes again feeling bad evidently judging by how he hunches his shoulders and stuffing his hands in his pockets in his tell tale gesture of self consciousness Peter already knows.

He glances at him briefly but says nothing since the conversation isn’t directed at him at the moment.

Harry grins at the alpha genuinely. “No worries, man. At least now I have an excuse not to attend some boring business dinner.”

Wade chuckles. “Just maybe leave out the part that I’m the culprit.”

“Nope! I’m going to tell ‘em straight that my best friend’s boyfriend punched me.” The beta’s grin widens at the alpha’s horrified face. “Sorry but the ‘I’ve been mugged’ excuse is worn out. At least this one will be great story to tell.” He adds, turning to Peter who smiles at him indulgently.

“You better tell the hell out of that story ‘cause this won’t happen again.” The younger brunette says. “Wade is a big lug but he’s a real softie, right? Wouldn’t hurt a fly?” Peter asks the alpha.

“Actually I did my monthly bug extermination back at home ‘cause baby roaches are starting to come out again. And I didn’t feel bad about killing those crunchy little beasts.” Wade answers nonchalantly and Harry chuckles; a chuckle that’s cut short when Peter presses the cold compress harder.

“Oh you know what I mean, Wade.” The omega retorts with a roll of his eyes and a fond smile. Harry smiles knowingly at his friend and Peter gives him a look of ‘See what I have to put up with?’ making the older man guffaw.

Unknowing to them, Wade’s watching them with a petulant pout.

[Wow, they can do those telepathic communication things.]

{Oh, Harry…}

‘I elect to ignore Yellow’s fawning and you’re right, White. But they are best friends so…’

Wade thinks and it strikes him… that he and his best friend can’t communicate like that! Whenever his eyes meet Logan’s, the older alpha will punch him in the face! If he looks at Bob, Bob will surely crap his pants! With Remy it’s quite vital that you don’t take your eyes off him lest you find that your wallet missing. And Weasel? We don’t talk about Weasel because he’s only 31.8% sober most of the time.

Man, his friends suck. He should work on this besties’ telepathy with them some other time. Truth be told, he’s only distracting himself with these thoughts because he’s seriously jealous.

He knows it’s so fucking stupid and cliche for him to be jealous of his boyfriend’s best friend. Wade met Peter’s other friends, those three hot female alphas who are his ex? Man, they’re *gorgeous and sexy as hell* and Wade didn’t feel threatened! And those are Peter’s exes.

Why does the omega have to be surrounded by capable people who can take care of him better than Wade could?! What’s next? Does Peter have another ex who’s incredibly out of Wade’s league like some some… super hot handsome superhero?! Or some handsome big shot lawyer?!

In his mental rambling, he only then notices that Peter got up to get his phone and call for a take out dinner. Now, he’s alone with Harry who’s sitting there staring up at him with an amused gleam in his eyes. “Uhh…” Wade raises his brow at him.

Harry shakes his head. “Nothin’, man. I do have a question though.”

“Okay? Shoot.”

“Why haven’t you and Pete kissed yet?” The beta asks in a hushed tone but with a very enthusiastic look that freaks Wade a little. Yeah, he haven’t kissed him yet because under this Ryan Reynolds disguise is a rough terrain of skin that he’s sure Peter will run away from.

Apparently, Harry is quite talkative. “I mean, he only looks prudish and shy but I swear he’s down for anything so you shouldn’t hesitate if he wants to go further. If you’re worried about your size, don’t be. His other ex is average at best, he told me. So you should only worry about your skills, which I guess is still a--”

“Woah there! Save that for when our friendship’s older than a day!” Wade cuts him off frantically making Harry’s grin wider and the alpha decides that he and this man will get along very well. He leans down to whisper at the beta. “But if Petey and I do get in *that* level of intimacy, I’m gonna have to ask you beforehand how to out do my previous competition. Also, once the deed has been done and he gave you a review, can you tell me? For quality check.”

Harry laughs hard. Well, as loud as his aching face will allow him. “Man, I see why Pete likes you. You’re much more fun than the others. Treat me to some cheap booze and you got a deal.” He offers his hand for a handshake which the alpha gives him happily.

And there they chat a while as they wait for Peter. Wade asks him why cheap booze and Harry says he’s so over the over expensive and pretentious liquor that can’t hit him hard enough that people keep serving him. Nothing beats the bitter bite of your common beer after all, he says. And there they go on talking about booze.

Peter gets back to them when the two men are comparing the liquor they’ve had all over the world. “Wow, I leave you two not even for fifteen minutes and now you’re already drinking buddies?” He grins at them. “I ordered Italian by the way, if that’s alright.”

“No it’s not, change it!” Harry teases him and Peter sticks his tongue out at him before turning to Wade with a sweeter smile.

He pulls the alpha close by his waist and talks in a softer tone. “How about you stay longer after dinner?” Wade gulps as his eyes rake down from Peter’s lips curled in a devious smile down to his slender neck, collarbone, and just… *down more. More down.* But he remembers the other person in the room.

Peter notices what he’s thinking and chuckles. “Don’t worry, Harry will leave after dinner.”

“Yup! I’m known for my eat and run.” Harry replies and gives a thumbs up at Wade with a wink.

Thankfully, dinner has much less sexual innuendos. Now normally, Wade's down for all that but he's still hiding under his Image Inducer. He knows that Peter could accept his real face, of course. But his real face entails his *real* story and that's the part of him that could potentially be the reason why Peter will leave him.

Wade knows, that he's going to have to tell him at some point…

Unbeknownst to the alpha, Peter has been eyeing him and roughly reads his concerns but doesn't say anything and keeps up with the conversation with Harry in the meantime. When dinner is over, Peter walks Harry out the door and bids him safe driving.

When the door closes, he sees Wade sitting on the sofa as he looks through his phone.

"Hey…" Peter starts as he sits next close to him.

"Hey to you too." Wade replies as he wraps his arms around the omega, bringing them closer. He opens his mouth to say the excuse he's come up with to escape this too soon physical contact that might out his secret identity but Peter speaks before he does.

"We don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with." He says in his ever kind voice. Wade looks at him with a frown of confusion that makes Peter chuckle, finding it adorable. "I'm saying, we don't have to kiss or anything more...intimate. Not until you're ready. I'm sorry, babe but you're pretty easy to read. And I can see you look troubled about it for a while."

Wade slumps, hiding his face in his hands. "God, I'm so sorry, Pete."

"Don't apologize, Wade. I understand… I'm not exactly… desirable. I'm nowhere near as hot as others and I don't really ooze sex appeal--"

"Wait wait wait!" The alpha cuts him off. "What?"

Peter's big doe eyes stare at him in confusion and shrugs, "Isn't that the reason why you're not keen on doing anything more? 'Cause I'm… I… I don't… uhm… I'm not..." He stutters, his cheeks flushed in embarrassment and awkwardness that comes back full force from when he's in

high school.

“Pete, you are seriously one of the sexiest and handsomest man I’ve seen! Aside from being an incredibly amazing human being! I can’t even believe you’d want to be in a relationship with me! This sounds cliche, but I’m serious when I say: It’s not you, it’s me. I’m the one with the problem, baby boy.” Wade reasons, trying his best to convey to the younger that he’s *perfect* that there isn’t anything wrong with *him.*

Peter looks at him searching for a moment but then it seems like a light bulb flashes. “Wade… Wade Wilson… don’t tell me… ” He says and the man in question internally panics because he figured it out? Did Peter realize that he’s *Deadpool* ? Wade’s about to spout some denial when Peter leans close to his space and whispers, “Do you have Erectile Dysfunction?”

[Great, now he thinks you can’t get your dick up.]

“No!” Wade exclaims a little too loud making the omega flinch away, and he chuckles awkwardly. “No no no… I totally can get *it* up..haha..Often he stands in attention during unnecessary times even… aha… there’s even this one time when I’m at a funeral ya know… my cock hardened as they lowered the casket…” He trails off that incredibly interesting--

{Horrifying!}

--story when he notices that Peter’s looking at him funny… and bit appalled. A moment later he schools his features and coughs in his fist. “Wow, Wade. That’s… uhm...reassuring.”

Awkward silence fall over them for a moment until Peter breaks into a chuckle and Wade chortles along until they both let out a full blown laugh. They sober up and Peter gives him a small smile. “We’re a mess…”

“Kinda… but who isn’t?” Wade replies with a reassuring smile and takes the omega’s hand, squeezing it tight. “But I really am still figuring some things out, that’s why I can’t fully commit - physically that is.”

The brunette shakes his head, still with a smile. “It’s fine, Wade. We don’t have to do anything. And… I guess, I have some things to work out too.” He says, turning away and refusing to meet the other’s gaze. Don’t get him wrong, the lack of sexual contact between them is not Peter’s greatest issue, it’s his powers. If he and Wade ever plan to make this relationship really last, he’s

going to have to tell him. Along with other occurrences in his past.

He hopes Wade won't leave him if he finds out he's not exactly *harmless*. Wade's a fireman, he *saves lives*. If he finds out that Peter could harm other people, the alpha may not want to associate himself with him anymore.

Peter knows he's being selfish, but why can't he have this one good thing?

Wade on the other hand, can read the distress on the younger. It pains him to consider that Peter may be thinking that there's something wrong with him. Which is far from the truth. Peter's perfect! Compared to the shit that is him, Wade Wilson, who's fucking ugly and morally sketchy.

Wade knows that Peter deserves so much more than him, and he'd be damned if the younger man thinks he's not worth anything all because Wade wants to be selfish.

"Hey…" The alpha starts and genty cups the omega's cheek to make him turn to meet his gaze once more. "You're amazing and I love you, okay?" He assures and leaves a lingering kiss on Peter's forehead.

The younger smiles up at him and Wade returns it. "And I promise that I don't have any form of sexual ailments." He chuckles.

Peter takes his hand. "Alright, but… you know I'd love you regardless. Illness or no. I'd rather you're not sick because… I don't want you feeling hurt, Wade."

And before Wade could stop himself and think, he gives Peter a quick peck on his lips. It's fleeting but it's everything.

The look of pure elation in Peter's eyes is *everything* .

Sleeping that evening proves to be difficult for both parties. Peter lay on his side while clutching the spider stuffie Wade gifted him on their first date.

Wade kissed him!

Wade kissed him twice: that first one and then another one before Wade left. It's just a peck yeah - a quick kiss- but it seems to have lasted forever, Peter thinks as he hides his face in Gooty's soft plushie stomach. Ugh, he can't believe how pathetic he is -fawning and blushing like a twelve year old. But alas, he lets himself revel in the feeling of joy at its simplest.

In that evening, Wade gets home in a daze and he slumps on the sofa.

'I kissed Peter!'

He thinks frantically even when his face shows a lack of emotion. Of course, he doesn't regret giving Peter a relatively innocent kiss, it's quick anyways. And Wade's pretty sure the younger didn't register the roughness of his lips.

And if he did, the smile Peter gave him clearly meant he didn't mind.

It makes Wade feel guilty.

Peter is such a kind and gentle soul yet all Wade is doing is fool him that he's an alpha who's an upstanding civilian. Sure he doesn't do his mercenary thing as intensely as he did before being a committed dad to Ellie, but the fact of the matter is if someone paid him enough to take down a bad guy, he'll do it without any ounce of remorse.

Wade doesn't even care that he's actually physically subpar. Peter will love him regardless of that. But hiding his real background just for the sake of getting a shot at this wonderful person is truly proving to be difficult and wrong. If he truly do love the younger man, Wade should tell the truth.

He gives a resolved sigh as he finds himself holding his Deadpool mask.

The next day, tragedy strikes downtown when a bomb threat occurs in one of the commercial centers. Wade along with his fellow firefighters are on standby with police and other officials who are ready with contingency plans. As Wade watch the chief trying to talk down the three terrorists he thinks -knows- he can take them out with no problem. Only, the problem is, right now he's masquerading as a normal guy. He grits his teeth as he can feel the situation getting bleaker as the suspects refuse any form of compromise.

There are innocent people held hostage and Wade is mad at that. For a moment, he wonders if any of his Merc for Hire could make it there to handle this for him.

"Wade!" A familiar voice calls out to him and the alpha whips his head around to see a distressed Peter standing behind the barricade for civilians.

Wade jogs over to him. "What are you doing here, Peter?" He asks as he's well aware that it's a weekday therefore a *school day* .

Peter shakes his head in panic, and his brown eyes start welling. "Aunt May and Uncle Ben may be in there! They told me earlier they'll be here and… and I tried to call them when I heard about what's going on and they won't answer!"

The alpha's eyes widens and he turns back to the scene as gravity of it suddenly becomes greater to him. He glance back to Peter and gives him a reassuring kiss on his forehead. "Don't worry, I'll see what I can do."

Wade turns back with full intent to handle this by himself. He makes a move to get his gun hidden beneath his uniform when what seems to be a huge fireball swoops down and grabs the terrorists quickly. After that the rest of the Fantastic Four makes their appearance and saves the day quickly and efficiently with Mr. Fantastic's well thought out plans.

After a moment of silence, everyone around whoops and celebrates their relief. Wade's taut and ready for battle posture loosens and he as well gives a breath of relief.

Moments after that, Reed and Sue give their report about the situation to the police chief while Ben Grimm helps with the hostages, carrying those who may have been injured and such. While The Human Torch tends to the people giving their thanks after he hands the suspects to the police. Wade pays them no mind since he has to regroup with his team for now yet his mind is on the wellbeing of Aunt May and Uncle Ben, obvious from how his eyes dart to the different hostage

victims being ushered for first aid and clearance.

Relief washes over him again when he sees Aunt May and Uncle Ben being escorted to one of the ambulance for primary check up since they're of an elderly age. Escorted by Johnny Storm, Wade's eyes narrow at that. Why would *he* do that? He didn't do that to the other victims.

His heart thumps when he sees Johnny start talking to Peter. Absentmindedly, Wade excuses himself from his team and makes his way over.

Peter's relieved when he sees Aunt May and Uncle Ben, however silent annoyance and nervousness fill him when he sees Johnny assisting them. Don't get him wrong, he's *grateful* . But he doesn't want to have any interaction with *him.*

He plasters a sincere smile when he sees Aunt May and Uncle Ben run over to embrace him. Peter holds them tight and for a moment wonders, had he been a hero, could he have saved them?

That wishful thinking is cut short when a medic tells him she needs to check on his aunt and uncle for any possible injuries and whatever else. Peter allows them to be whisked away and returns their reassuring smile.

"Peter?" That voice makes the smile on his face drop. He turns and sees Johnny looking at him with an indecipherable expression. A mix of hope and melancholy.

The brunette takes in a breath and gives a superficial smile. "Thank you for your help." He says and has every intention to walk away but the alpha speaks again.

"How have you been?" Johnny asks albeit a little awkwardly.

It takes Peter a lot to not roll his eyes at him. "Better." He simply replies. "Much better." With that he makes a turn to leave but a warm hand grips his forearm, stopping him.

He turns back to Johnny with a glare but in that moment, another hand grabs Johnny's wrist. They

both glance at the owner of the huge hand enclosing Johnny's wrist and they see Wade; a furious Wade with cold anger in his eyes as he glares at the superhero.

Johnny flashes a quick smirk and lets go of the omega promptly making Wade release his grip after one last tight squeeze. The hero puts his hands up in a mock surrender before dropping them down back to his side.

Peter takes that moment to hug Wade's arm showing ownership and it's also a good gesture to prevent Wade from attacking should that need arise. "Johnny, this is Wade. My boyfriend." Peter announces boldly making Johnny frown for a split second before he purses his lips in faux indifference.

A scoff escapes the fiery alpha. "Figures you'd date a firefighter after me, huh?"

Wade's brow twitches at that revelation because of course… Peter actually does have a handsome superhero for an ex. Just when he thought that the younger man is already out of his reach.

Meanwhile, Peter gives a plastic confident smile at Johnny. "Purely coincidence but quite fitting, yes." He replies making his ex boyfriend snigger.

"Right." Johnny says with a nod. He visibly takes a big intake of breath with his gaze far of to the side and his hands on his hips. After that he turns back to the couple with a smile. "Well, nice to see you… both." He says and excuses himself to help out somewhere else in the scene.

Peter relaxes and rests his head on Wade's shoulder. Usually when he does this, the alpha would wrap his arms around him in an embrace but this time he only stands still. It makes Peter worry and looks up him. He sees the alpha's gaze at the general direction of where Johnny left to.

"Wade--?"

"You never mentioned him before." Wade interjects with a firm tone making Peter flinch a little.

"I-I...I figured it wasn't important…" The brunette replies unsurely and sighs. "It doesn't matter. It *shouldn't* matter, should it? You've met my other exes before -MJ, Gwen, and Felicia. Why would Johnny matter?" He asks rhetorically trying to put on a reassuring smile but ultimately fails and only manage a tilt of his lips.

‘Because he’s the opposite of what I am.’ Wade thinks as he inhales.

He’s no hero after all. Not recognized as one and might never will be. Even when he turned a leaf and started offering services to those victims in need of saving especially to places less privileged and where the justice system fails to protect them. Even when he’d run through blazing flames to save someone in a burning building as a fireman. Even when he died and got hurt countless times to save his buddies as Deadpool.

And he’s no handsome dude that will look good beside Peter who’s gorgeous beyond words.

Wallowing in self pity for what seems to be minutes, he doesn’t notice the omega looking worriedly at him. “Wade?”

That snaps him out of his thoughts Wade gives him an easy smile and kisses Peter’s forehead. “Yeah, it doesn’t matter.” He replies the earlier inquiry, lying with ease.

He decides to withhold the truth from the omega longer. After all, he can’t afford to lose Peter this soon if ever the younger would not accept Deadpool. Because Wade saw the look in Johnny eyes when he found out Peter’s with someone else.

The look of someone you love belonging in someone else’s arms.

And that is a feeling that Wade is sure he’s not ready to experience anytime soon.

The following days become uneventful. Peter not accepting his calls for very long nor replying to his messages contributes to that blandness. Wade figures that maybe it’s because it’s a busy time at work for the younger but one evening when Ellie tells him over at dinner that she thinks something is bothering Peter did that theory lost its luster.

Wade asks his daughter why she thinks so and she shrugs. “His smiles aren’t as bright as they usually are.” She says and Wade purses his lips at that. They continue on with their supper but a few moments later, Ellie suddenly asks: “Daddy is it wrong that you’re dating my teacher?”

That makes the older alpha frown. “No, of course not. There are teachers who have their own kids as students so there’s nothing wrong with it.” He answers firmly.

“Oh…” Ellie simply says.

“Something wrong, baby?” Wade inquires further since he can feel that there’s something bothering his child.

“Uhm… it’s just that. There are some kids who think that I get good grades because Peter likes me more than them ‘cause your dating…” The young alpha answers with more ease than what that statement should have.

That angers Wade quicker than he can process but then Ellie continues with a big smile. “But I don’t care ‘bout what they say! ‘Cause I know I get good grades ‘cause I’m super smart and work hard!” She exclaims proudly clearly unaffected by the foul words around her.

Wade’s anger subsides at that and a smile finds its way on his face at how incredible his daughter is. But still the revelation that some people in school think that Peter has a favoritism over his daughter sheds a light of what could be bothering the younger man.

However that is a matter for later, right now Wade ruffles his daughter’s hair and gives her a big praise because yes, she is super smart and works her hardest so she deserves those good grades. He makes sure to hug her tight and give her a big kiss on her cheeks making the little girl giggle thinking that it’s just her dad goofing around. But for Wade, it’s him reassuring his child.

The days following, Wade makes sure to ask Ellie more about her day and what’s going on in school and the latest news is that up until recently that Peter’s been bringing along another teacher they haven’t seen before.

Wade figures that it’s a teacher-in-training which is common and he thinks nothing of it. Peter’s been also denying of seeing him for now since work is hectic and he has a lot of things to attend to.

Wade thinks nothing of it until one day, Ellie gets home barreling through the front door and running to him crying.

There he finds out that Peter quit being a teacher.

Chapter End Notes

And we started off so happy :(

It hurts me to write Wade's perspective especially when he says he's ugly and inadequate :'(We love you, Wade!

Thanks for reading! You all are wonderful people!
Lemme know what you think!

Embracing Your Love

Chapter Summary

-Behind door no. 1 we find: FEELS
-Bachelor no. 2: MORE FEELS
-Candidate no. 3: ANOTHER FEELS
-Apply some angst to fluff area

Chapter Notes

OMG OMG GUYS! I love you all! ♡(ŐωŐ人)
honestly I think my prev chap was the best i've done so far, and I am aware that ya'll got a bit stabbed at the end but I did warn that we are close to the climax of the story xD

Now I shall make it up to you guys with lovies for this chap!
also strap in for something! ٩(Ò□Ó)۶
Onwards!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To retreat could be the bravest decision one can make at certain times.

And that’s what Peter does when the issue he had at school for dating his student’s parent gets too out of hand. He can take the bad rumors towards him. But when he finds out that Ellie’s getting the heat now (even when she isn’t really conscious that it’s bullying) that’s when Peter couldn’t handle it.

He’d rather lose something dear to him than let an innocent little girl get morally hurt.

Peter loves his job there, he honestly does. He loves the kids, his friends, and the nature of the work. But bad things just happen, he guesses. After all, we can’t always have happy times.

Speaking of happy, Peter is incredibly happy with Wade and Ellie. They complete his already complete life. So you can only imagine how fulfilling it is being with them.

And if sacrificing the job he loves so he can be with them with no prejudice, then so be it. He’d

give up *anything* for them.

The principal at first doesn't want to accept his resignation, but Peter explains the situation he has stemming from him dating his student's parent. It makes the principal scowl in thought because it really *isn't* against any school conduct. But nonetheless, he has to respect the teacher's decision. So begrudgingly, he allows it.

As Peter leaves the office, he sees Ned and Michelle with crestfallen looks greeting him. He gives them a reassuring smile and tries to uplift their spirit by going out for dinner with them.

Michelle is absolutely angry about him not telling the principal about the culprit who started all the negative connotations about his relationship to his work life and people actually believe them! Ned shares his sentiments with hers because out of both of them, he and Peter are total besties. They share the same nerdy interests and to not have the omega around to hang out and talk with is incredibly heartbreaking for the beta.

Peter could only shake his head with a sad yet content smile. He keeps telling them that it's better this way. Besides, he takes this as a sign to maybe move on to another path for his career.

He does his best to look at the brightside and make others see it.

If he breaks down when he's alone…. Well that's his secret to keep.

But for now, while he's in front of his colleagues, he smiles.

The morning he wakes up and is in no need to get up for work is the most taxing morning he's experienced in a long time. He reach out to the spider stuffie and caress its electric blue fur, trying to find warmth and companionship to the stuffed animal.

Still, he manages to get up and start his day. A day unfilled with any activity other than bum around for a while until he figures out what to do with his life again. Peter fixes himself breakfast consisting of waffles with different fillings and toppings because he feels that he should at least indulge himself.

As he sits on his apartment porch, drinking hot chocolate and reading a novel, his eyes wander to his phone. He takes it in his hand and skim through his inbox. Everyone in his social circle knows of his too sudden and unprepared resignation except the man who probably needs to know of this the most.

He eyes Wade's name and opens their conversation. Peter smiles at the consistent greetings the alpha gives him. Often times, the older man would send him jokes that are so stupid it makes him laugh. Lately though, the conversations are more casual -distant- but it's Peter's own doing. He feels guilty in not telling Wade about this big turn in his life.

Peter knows that if he tells Wade before the resignation is properly filed, the older man won't allow it. He doesn't have the heart to tell his students either. He knows it will hurt Ellie just as much. Thankfully, the other faculty members aren't made aware of his leave aside from his replacement, Ned, and Michelle, so no one would tell his students.

He can only imagine how sad they are right now when they finally find out that Mr. Parker will no longer be there to greet them 'Good Morning'. He loves those kids. They are the sweetest and sometimes the naughtiest, but regardless, Peter sees them as his own.

Peter's grateful that his replacement, a young fresh grad Miles Morales, share his passion for teaching and being a good influence and support for children. Miles takes in all his advice with full conviction in the young alpha's eyes and Peter know the kids are in good hands.

And wow, he misses them already.

Wade means to confront Peter personally so he doesn't bother touching that topic in texts. The young man won't answer his calls either so Wade stops nagging him; knowing that Peter is already stressed. He wants to give the younger a little space to breathe and think so for now his message conversation with Peter now is only filled with 'Good Morning's and 'Good Evening's.

It's been a week, far too long. The monday that Ellie told him that Peter's no longer their teacher, Wade wanted to confront the younger man the very next day. But the following days, Ellie is absolutely gutted and needs his attention so Wade doesn't leave.

It’s friday in the afternoon and Wade can’t prolong this anymore and his daughter is feeling better. And so he entrusts Ellie with Logan -not the best choice but he’s better than Remy.

As Wade stands before Peter’s apartment door, he finds himself with mixed emotions. He’s sad because he knows how important that job is for Peter. He’s worried because he knows about the hard times Peter’s been having at work. He’s mad because Peter didn’t tell him and the prospect that the younger is sacrificing so much just for them.

He’s absolutely torn. But it makes him wonder if he feels this bad then how much more for Peter?

That unease is what push him to calm down and knock on the door.

A few second later, he hears footfalls coming nearer to answer the door. They seem heavier which makes Wade scowl for a second and then the door opens revealing Harry in casual clothes and a black gym bag hanging on his shoulder. The beta looks a little tired and he releases a breath of relief when he sees Wade at the door.

“I’m glad you’re here…” He whispers to the alpha before making his way out with a holler of: “I’m off, Pete! I’ll call you later!” back to the apartment. Harry leaves with a pat on Wade’s shoulder.

It transitions too quickly that Wade doesn’t fully register it and he’s left standing by the open door and his gaze following Harry. Wade’s mind racing to what could be the reason why Harry is here, the alpha chooses to cater his rational side because he doesn’t have not enough emotional space left in him to file jealousy along in there.

“Harry? Who was that?” Peter’s voice snaps his attention back in the apartment and he sees Peter emerge from his room. It’s apparent that the omega just took a bath from how he’s still drying his hair with a towel that hinders his view of Wade.

It takes a moment before Peter sees the person by his door and he halts what he’s doing. His brown eyes widen by a fraction as he realizes that the person he’s been inadvertently been avoiding is standing right there. “Wade?”

Said man manages a small smile. “Hi, Pete? Got a sec?”

“Of course!” Peter exclaims and he gives his hair a last frantic towel drying before going back to his room to make himself look a little more decent. Wade takes that time to invite himself in, closing the door behind him, and settle on the couch.

He’s getting a little nervous because he honestly failed to figure out what he’s going to say. He seem so sure when he planned in his head to confront Peter. But now when the time is here, he’s mind can’t decide on what issue he wants to resolve first and how to say the right words.

The last thing he wants is to argue with Peter after all. Senseless argument to be exact.

He hears soft footsteps and Peter makes his way to him. The younger sits next to him and gives the alpha a shy smile.

They’re silent for a while, both of them finding the right words. But Wade finds his first.

“How have you been?” He asks and Peter inhales as his eyes look around as if he’ll see the answer to what he’s feeling upon the spines on the books perched on the bookcase.

Peter closes his eyes, sighing before opening his eyes again and giving Wade a small smile. “Fine. A little, bored...lost. But… fine.” He replies with a tiny nod of his head.

Wade hums an affirmation and a pregnant pause befalls them once more.

“Why?” Is all Wade could ask and it proves to be enough because the ‘I’m fine’ guise of Peter is divested revealing a troubled and tired man.

Peter shakes his head. “I just… I don’t know, Wade. I feel that it’s time for me to leave...”

“But you love it there, Pete…! Yea, you have a dick co-teacher but that’s not *your* fault. You’re not the one who needs to sacrifice!” Wade reasons frantically full of pent up emotions. He loves how Peter is so kind and selfless but the alpha finds it worrying because Peter’s generosity will ultimately leave nothing for himself.

When they’re together, the omega’s stories would often be about his work and about the kids.

About the silly things they did, the little troubles they get themselves into, the adorable moments they had, and what he especially loves are the moments when his past students would greet him and he sees how much they've grown.

'I can't imagine myself doing anything else in my life, Wade.' Peter tells him one day and Wade can see the honesty in his eyes.

Wade knows that Peter wouldn't want to teach anywhere else. He already gave his heart there after all. Peter's a brilliant man and he can pursue any other career he'd want. But his passion is there with the kids he left so Wade worries for Peter's happiness.

He eyes the silent younger man, whose eyes staring in contemplation on the wooden floorboards.

"I support you in whatever decision you'd make, Pete. You know that." Wade says gently, inclining his head to catch the other's gaze. "But I need to know where you're coming from..."

Peter sighs. "Ellie's been getting dragged in and… I can't have that. She's a wonderful child and I can't take knowing that people doubt her hard work all because they *assume* I'm biased. I know she's a tough kid and thinks nothing of it, but she shouldn't have to go through that." He says and gives a last hard sigh. "So I decided to quit. It's hasty, yeah. And I have no clue what I'm gonna do now but… but I don't regret it." And he gives Wade an honest reassuring smile.

Wade looks at him with a contemplating frown. He knows that Peter probably left because of the bullying but he didn't actually think that the deciding factor for his resignation is the wellbeing of Ellie.

"You'd sacrifice what you love doing the most for my child?" Wade asks incredulously, his ocean blue eyes searching Peter's.

"Well..." The younger starts, his shoulders hunching up for a moment in insecurity while his gaze falls anywhere but Wade's. A few moments, he finds the strength to smile and look at the alpha with eyes that speak of conviction and love. "Well, I was hoping that... she'd be my child as well... I want to someday call Ellie 'our' daughter." He says with a nervous smile, his eyes watering from how anxious he is of Wade's reply.

When he sees the alpha's eyes wide, and mouth slightly agape at Peter's words. That reaction made the smile on Peter's lips waver. "Was that too forward of me?" He asks.

Peter's smile is barely there anymore and he feels eyes water a bit at the forthcoming rejection he may face but he will soldier on regardless. "I know we've only been together for months...But, Wade… I mean it when I say 'I love you'. I imagine a future with you and Ellie. And it's not just wishful thinking." He says and lays his hand atop Wade's. "I'm willing to do *anything* to make that happen. Give anything."

Wade's breath catches when he hears those words said full of sincerity and devotion. Peter's giving everything he can to make them work -to make them last.

Giving and giving and all Wade does is take.

He can't even give the truth to the omega. Hiding behind an illusion of a perfect man. Wade finds it impossible now to keep fooling Peter and before he can regret it. He turns off his Image Inducer.

Even with his eyes closed, he can feel Peter flinch back and his heavy gaze on him. Before he opens his eyes, he expects to see disgust and rejection. Instead he sees Peter's indecipherable frown.

Wade looks at him eye to eye and this has got to be the first time they truly do. He waits for what Peter will say. He's ready for it.

To face the possibility of losing Peter. He deserves it after all.

After a beat later, Peter asks softly. " *How?* "

"Cancer." Is Wade's simple answer. Peter gapes and runs his eyes all over him, worry and panic evident in his eyes. Wade cracks a smile, his own worries dissipating. Why would he even assume that Peter will be disgusted at him? The younger man won't break up with him because of that. He's pretty sure Peter will let go of him because it's a hassle to have him as a boyfriend.

One who lies and hides.

The alpha chuckles at Peter's growing panic and decides to have mercy on him. "Hey…" He coos. "I'm fine, Petey."

“Fine?! You have… you...”

“Yeah, I have cancer. But I’m not dying. Not anymore. I’m somewhat cured. This rotten avocado face is the result of that and other things.” Wade grins for a brief moment but is disappears to a serious look. “Listen, Peter. I’m sorry I had to hide *this* . I had a friend make this tech that’ll do just that. I just need to look normal to have a normal life with Ellie. And knowing that you’re giving up so much for *us.* I… I can’t keep fooling you.” And he gives Peter a sad smile. “This is what I really look like. I understand if you want to… end what we have. Even I’m disappointed in me--”

And Peter cuts him off with a firm kiss.

Wade’s mind blanks for a moment. All his worry and anxiety dissipating and fading to the sensation of Peter’s lips upon his. His love and acceptance conveying in the sure kiss. Peter pulls back and looks at him straight in his eyes.

“I love you, no matter what you look like, Wade. I *see you* and I see you’re a good man.” The omega tells him with certainty and it doesn’t take any second guessing for Wade to cup Peter’s cheek and pull him for a passionate kiss.

All the limits he set himself melts away because he doesn’t need to fight with his doubts anymore.

He’ll reveal himself one at a time. Today he’ll show the true Wade Wilson, the next will be Deadpool. Peter will frown upon his past sins, but he’s sure that the younger man will understand that he’s changed.

All that he is, all that he was, and all that he will be. He entrusts all of that to Peter.

The next morning when Wade wakes up he makes a decision to do what he can to help the omega to maybe get his work back or if not then Wade’s going to set the people bullying Peter straight. If things get nasty (he’s not going to kill anyone don’t worry) then the alpha’s not going to have a problem enrolling Ellie in another school and take Peter along. They’ll move to Canada, damn it. If that’s where his family will find peace from these chattering and shallow minded people.

And wow, *his* family.

That's a string of words that makes his smile grow wide.

When all this dies down. He'll ask Peter to marry him. No doubts, no hesitation, no nothing. It's about damn time they find their happiness.

Little Ellie Belly gets a cold that monday. Wade asks Peter if he can watch over her while he's out to work. He answers the door and greets the younger man with a fiery kiss. God, he's really missed out on this these past months and now Wade's doing his best to make up that lost time hungrily making Peter chuckle in the kiss.

"Come on, Wade. I'm here to take care of Ellie and *not* you." Peter says pulling back and giving Wade a pat on his bicep.

The older man gives a full blown pout that makes Peter laugh.

Wade tells him that Ellie's upstairs in her room sleeping and shows him the medicine she needs to take every 6 hours.

"Call me if you need anything, 'kay?"

"Alrighty." Peter replies and gives the alpha a parting kiss. As they break apart, Wade looks at him with a smile that the brunette can't figure out. "What?" Peter asks with a chuckle and Wade grins.

"I like you here in my home." Is his simple answer that makes Peter's eyes widen a little at the insinuation but quickly gets replaced with a big smile.

"I like it too…" Peter agrees and he chuckles again at the quick kiss Wade gives him. "Get going! You're gonna be late!"

Wade whines but heads to his car nonetheless with his last farewell. Peter calls out to him to take care and be home for dinner because he's going to whip up a mean beef brisket that Wade and Ellie *loves* .

He waves to the brunette by the doorway as he backs up to the curb. As he drives he can't seem to wipe the stupid smile on his face. Even when he gets to the station, the guys there keep joshing him if he's finally asked the nice omega he's dating to marry him already. He denies it of course but tells that he plans to very soon.

They cheer at that and Wade knows that one of the reason they love Pete so much is the baked goodies the omega would ask Wade to take with him and share. Peter's cooking is superb and can win anyone's heart. Wade considers, as he's loading and unloading equipments to the trucks, that maybe they can make a business out of that. Maybe have their own little bakeshop and cafe in a more laylow part of the city.

{Or in Canada!}

Or in Canada, of course. That's still an option. Ah but they'd have to take Aunt May and Uncle Ben with them of course. They can get a big house where they can all live together. He'll tell Logan to move back to Canada too and reunite with the beavers there since those critters probably miss their hairy mother. Harry will probably buy the whole fucking country so he's gonna have to count him out. But he can visit. As for Weasel and Remy, obviously Weasel will move there too since his original bar is there anyways. Remy doesn't stay in the same place for long and he may blow stuff up so he can just stay put here to be honest. Bob will come along because he has no choice.

Wade continues planning as he clocks off from work, the chief allowed him to undertime since Ellie's unwell; along with a promise that he'll bring them some of Peter's famous soft honey cookies and key lime pie.

He gets a move on and notes to himself that he needs to buy some groceries because Pete texted him earlier to buy some organic free range eggs (why it's so specific? Wade doesn't know but it's better to just follow), some veggies and maybe some sweeties for Ellie which he'll have to sneak because Peter won't allow it.

But before that, he makes a turn to Ellie's school.

The air feels heavy as he walks down the now desolate hallway after he finished talking to the principal about the issue pertaining to the nature of Peter's resignation and the immaturity of the co-teachers running their mouths and dirty minds. Very ironic coming from the Merc With a Mouth who runs his mouth and dirty mind 24/7. In his defense, he doesn't spread fucking *rumors* and downright *slander* someone.

Wade didn't think his talk with the principal took *that long* but it proves to be the case since the students have gone home. He frowns at the out-of-place dreary atmosphere but he quells it down to paranoia by the overall creepiness of the dim hallways only lighted by the dusk peering through the windows by the ends of the hall.

Still, he feels something very wrong that he stops in the middle of the corridor and he looks around for what could be setting him off. His eyes land to the door leading to a classroom on his right. Through the door window, he sees a teacher by the desk, her back turned to him as she's organizing some papers.

Wade watches her for a couple of seconds, pondering and feeling the air around. He honestly feels that there's something wrong and if ever his hunch comes to life, she might get caught up in the danger. So he opens the door and gives a knock on the frame letting her know he's there.

"Uhh… miss?" He calls, and by now he sniffs a little and his mind registers a subtle rancid stench of a gas leak or toxic fume.

She turns with mild surprise at a visitor but it clears too quickly to be replaced with a welcoming smile. "Hello, may I help you… Mr. Deadpool?"

"Yeah, I think there's a gas leak. You should get out fast and tell--" Wade cuts himself off suddenly realizing what she called him. It goes over his head earlier in his worry and haste. He frowns at her. "What did you call me?" He asks low and dangerous.

Her smile turns to a cheshire grin. "I said: 'Mr. Wade Wilson'."

"That wasn't what you fucking said!" Wade demands, his hand closing in to his pouch where he keeps his weapons.

"Mind your language, Wilson. You're in a school." She says with a level tone. Completely calm

and casual. She takes a step closer to him and light catches her features better.

Wade squints his eyes surveying her keener. And it suddenly clicks where he recognizes her, he makes a move but it's too late.

Peter drops the call for the umpteenth time that evening and he sighs frustratedly as he slumps on the couch. It's well past eleven o'clock and it's difficult to get Ellie to sleep since the little girl worries why her dad hasn't come home yet. He soothes her by promising that Wade will be there in the morning.

He called the station earlier and they said Wade left early around four pm. The same time the alpha texted him he's heading home and grab the groceries along the way. In his worry, he gives a message to everyone he knows who know Wade if ever they've seen him somewhere.

Not even a few minutes later, they reply to him that they haven't and express their own worry. They call almost instantaneously and Peter had to make a conference call to tend to all of them.

"You've called the station right?" Gwen asks and Peter huffs a long sigh

"Yes, Gwen. They said Wade timed off early. Around the time he texted me he's off." By now his back is hunched with exhaustion and worry. "He hasn't been answering his phone either…"

"We should call the police, Peter. Time's ticking and I don't want to assume the worst but something bad could've happened." Uncle Ben suggests firmly, trying to give strength to his obviously panicking nephew.

Peter gives another sigh, it seems to be next frequent thing he's done today other than to call Wade. "...Yeah… Yeah okay." He agrees shakily and his friends and family give him their reassurances and they'll contribute in helping. Aunt May tells him she'll head there to Wade's house to support him and Ellie.

The omega thanks them and drops the call. He leans back on the couch, taking a few calming breaths and fights the worried tears. He prays that nothing bad happened to Wade. Ellie needs his dad! And Peter knows how hard it is to lose your parents.

‘Calm down, Peter… He probably got lost…’ He assures himself futilely as if Wade’s a child who lost his mom at a supermarket. He takes another breath and makes a decision to really report to the police about his missing boyfriend but for some reason, he wanted to try call Wade again.

He brings the phone to his ears and closes his eyes, expecting the call to drop after a number of unanswered rings.

But it picks up before the last ring and his eyes snap open at the voice who answered who clearly is not Wade.

“Hello Mr. Parker.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh dear me...
Guys it should be obvious that I LOVE writing angst, suspense, and action.
It's clear from my past works xD Also Peter basically said. "I wanna have your babies" and just woah, calm down, son

I'm sorry I have to end again with cliffie, I just need to set things up for the climax that is the next chapter!
It will all makes sense I promise! ^^

Thank you for reading!
Lemme know what you think!

To Fight For Your Love

Chapter Summary

-Plot twistier than a twister
-Peter 'will fight you' Parker
-Note that Peter's costume here is meant to be designed and created by Harry. so I picked the stealth suit Peter wore in Spiderman/Deadpool #8 since that seems to be something Harry would like xD
here's a link xx
-HOLD ON TO YOUR JUICE BOX

Chapter Notes

ﾑ(◉Д◉)ᕗ THIS IS IT! THE BIG ONE!
You guys have been amazing readers! You guys deserve the best I can give ;w;

8.2k words y'all!! and no more cliffhanger! Woot!! I won't keep you long so..

Onwards!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hello, Mr. Parker.” His heart pounds at the familiar voice on the other side.

“Where’s Wade?!” Peter demands heatedly. He hears a chuckle on the other side and the call is dropped once more. He tries to dial the number again but now it doesn’t ring anymore and the automated voice says that the number does not exist.

With haste he types in 911 but when he’s about to press ‘call’, an unknown number calls him. It doesn’t take a breath for him to answer. “Listen! If I find out you hurt Wade in any way or even *tried* to I’ll--!”

“Hey! Hey *! Chill! It’s me: Weasel!”* That makes Peter visibly relax.

“Oh thank God! Wade’s gone and--”

“I know. Listen, come down here in my bar and we’ll talk about it, ‘kay? We can help.”

Peter’s brows furrow in confusion. “Uhm... okay but I’ll call the police first.”

“Nah, that won’t help. Just trust me, okay?”

Peter retaliates again because how can calling the authorities not help? It’s the police! They’re there to help! But again Weasel tells him to trust him and they’re running out of time. Peter ponders for a while if he can give that trust to Weasel. He knows the other man, he’s met him a couple of times and Wade tells him that Weasel is the closest he can get to a best friend and helped him in a lot of cases.

Cases which are yet to be disclosed but Peter reckons this is one of them.

Just how much trouble can a firefighter get? He doubts that *kidnapping* is part of the occupational hazards. But he recalls that the alpha told him about his ‘business competitors’. His business overseas that ‘help those in need’. Again, vague choices of words are used by Wade in those times. Peter never pushes the older man to give him the complete details because he doesn’t want to come off being nosy.

Thinking about it now, maybe he should have asked for more details. Whatever trouble Wade got himself into this time could be because of that, Peter deduces.

“I can’t just leave Ellie alone here. Even if my aunt will be here, I can’t leave them both.” Peter says firmly and Weasel hums in thought.

“Get them somewhere safer? Like that lavish penthouse of your friend? Or ask your ex-boyfriend to watch over them.” The alpha suggests and Peter frowns in confusion.

“How’d you know about them?”

“I know stuff, ‘kay? All the more reason you should trust me that I can help you and Wade.”

And with a last sigh, Peter agrees.

In the sleazy bar Weasel owns, Peter walks with strong strides and his head high from how he's just wants to get Wade back. His insecurities and shyness in going to a bar like this alone in this ungodly hour can wait another day. He *needs* to know what's up. Why is Wade missing and who could've outright abducted someone?

The answer is niggling at the back of his mind but he doesn't want to entertain the suspicion that whatever 'business' Wade has is not, strictly speaking, 'legal'.

It also infuriates him a little knowing that Wade could be hiding this kind of thing from him.

He walks up to the bar front where Weasel is waiting with three men, one of them is Bob, and the other two Peter is not familiar with. One looks gruff with an unwelcoming scowl. The other one being the exact opposite with an all too welcoming smirk.

"Hey, baby--" The too welcoming stranger starts and Peter cuts him off by holding his palm up to his face, shutting him up. The omega doesn't even grace him with a glance, his hardened eyes looking at Weasel expectantly.

"Talk."

Weasel scoffs in amusement. "I'm glad you're not the crying type." And Peter only replies him with that expectant glare. "Oh-kay then." And he goes on informing them that he received a distress call almost an hour again. One that goes off if Wade's phone gets destroyed. Weasel tells them that the good news is, he has the exact location where that happened and the possibility that the missing alpha could still be there. Bad news is obviously… Wade's abducted by an enemy.

"Which one?" Logan asks and takes a sip of the beer casually like this happens every tuesday.

That question makes Peter's eyebrow raise. " *Which one?"* he repeats incredulously.

"Yeah, your boyfriend has a lot people after his hide." Remy answers with the same lack of worry.

He asks again what they're on about and there he learns of Wade's *real* occupation and past. Peter doesn't want to believe it at first but it all makes sense so he lets it dawn on him that his boyfriend is a *mercenary* . Well… 'ex-mercenary' they clear up as if that makes things better.

Peter *assumed* that the scars came from a fire incident because he thought that Wade's a goddamn *fireman* . He feels betrayed because he thought his boyfriend is an honest man with an honest career.

He must look overtly livid because Weasel looks a little confused. "Woah, so you really don't know?" And Peter only answers him with a stare. "Oh shit. Well… I guess that's why he managed to woo you. I called you 'cause I'd thought it'd be good courtesy to let you know you're *mercenary boyfriend* got into trouble...again."

Peter takes a breath, trying to calm himself down. "No, I didn't . But thanks for letting me know." He crosses his arms. "How are you gonna get him back?"

"We slice our way in and make things go 'boom'." Remy smirks and Logan returns it with a scoff and another swig of beer.

Peter looks appalled making Logan reassure him that this happens quite often to any of them. It doesn't really placate him. It only makes him worry more but he doesn't show it. He demands them to tell him their exact plan and he learns they plan to storm where Wade is being held later before daybreak. Also, Bob offers to watch over Ellie wherever she's staying safe.

"Alright…" Peter concedes at their… unconventional way of retrieving someone who's kidnapped. Then again he lets himself understand this with an open mind after learning that his boyfriend is a mercenary and apparently has the inability to 'stay dead'.

It's too much information to take in, unable to digest it fully even as he gets to Harry's place and he slouches on the couch. He looks blankly at the tea Bob prepared for him. His eyes watching the soft curling of the steam.

Wade's been kidnapped. Wade's an infamous mercenary called: 'Deadpool' of all things. Wade's technically a vigilante. Wade's done some bad things. Wade…

"Peter...?" He hears a soft calling of his name and he turns to see Ellie, still sleepy. He gives her a

kind smile and makes a motion for her to sit beside him. She goes to him and cuddles to his side, falling fast asleep once more.

Peter rubs her head gently and soothingly, his fingers slowly carding through her soft thick dark locks in the way Aunt May would when he's little.

His mind working once more to the revelation of just who is the man he's dating.

Wade's been kidnapped. Wade's an infamous mercenary called: 'Deadpool'. Wade's technically a vigilante. Wade's done some bad things...

But as he holds Ellie, all that gets overshadowed.

Wade's done some bad things and he's doing his best to be good. Wade wants a second chance. And above all, Wade is a loving and caring father who wants to change to be a hero for his little girl.

Redemption is something Peter's all too familiar with.

This feeling of waiting to see if his loved one is alright is familiar too.

Waiting for someone else to save them...

No.

He doesn't want to wait.

He *can* do something.

Meanwhile, Wade comes to after a few hours. He registers that he's being held up by his arms and won't budge, his ankles are held down as well. The surrounding appears to be a makeshift laboratory. He's been in too many of those that he doesn't need a fully woken up brain to come with that conclusion. The walls seem old and the floor just as so yet the equipments look high tech making it contrast from the room itself.

He huffs a sigh at the cliche setting he finds himself in. He's pretty sure it's some nut job who wants to probe him again for his healing factor. Geez, take a guy to dinner first before opening them up, he chuckles.

And a moment later someone comes in.

"Francis, my man! My main man!" Wade greets exuberantly. "And here I was wondering if you forgot about me! You haven't called me in a long time, was it something I said? Or was it from the metal pipe I plunged through your stomach? I should've been gentle, I'm sorry! Please let me make it up to you, *Franchesca!"*

"Oh it's always a displeasure hearing you talk, Wade. I forgot to sew your mouth first." Ajax says as he walks in with a woman trailing after him making Wade scowl at her.

She's the reason why he's here.

But he quickly replace the frown with a grin again. "Well well I see you finally got yourself one of 'em dating apps, eh Francis? Good on ya on finding another psycho like yourself!"

The other alpha smirks at him and turns away from him to tend to the computer off the side. "Don't play coy, Wade. I know you recognize her." He says offhandedly.

Wade turns to the woman in question. She has that mona lisa smile present again. Yeah, he recognizes her.

"You're 2-AC-052708." He states and her smile widens. If she's impressed she remembers her control number, she doesn't bother saying it because of course, he can remember the other 'patients' control numbers. If he can speak almost every language, he can remember the other people who suffered there with him a few years back. Especially the young ones. He wanted to remember them the most because god knows no one else will after that.

“I’m kinda glad you survived that hell.” Wade says.

He hears Francis chuckle, “Her mutation’s no Wolverine but still, useful and *efficient* . She can see the dark secrets everyone has and like a cancerous tumor, she can plant malignant ideas in people’s minds. We call her, ‘Rumor’.”

“Rumors are *powerful* , don’t you agree?” She speaks making Wade turn to her again wanting nothing more than wiping that smile off her face. “After all, it’s what ruins people.”

---

11 years ago

“Did you hear? Alice’s brother is a scum!”

“Yeah! Her brother’s a criminal and tried to hurt an omega!”

“Man! He deserves to die!”

Fourteen year old Alice Carter tries to block out the mean words of her schoolmates. Her arms clutching the worn out backpack. She can’t sling it on her shoulders since the straps are torn off. She fights off the tears all the way home.

With a sigh, she gets in their dilapidated house and walks to the bedroom and Alice sees her brother sitting on the side of the bed with a somber look.

She gives the best smile she can and walks up to him. “How are you feeling?” It’s a stupid question, of course he’s unwell.

Still he gives her a smile too. “I’m okay, Al...”

Her faux smile dissipates as she eyes the ugly bruise around her brother’s neck that just won’t go away even after a couple of weeks.

Their family is penniless especially after their dad got killed from being falsely accused and their mother left when she's young. Alice doesn't even remember her. That's why her brother's been doing his best to support the two of them.

Sadly, he has to turn to crime when the 'decent' jobs stop accepting him when the false accusations of their father started surfacing again. No one wants to hire the kid of a 'drug peddler'. He figured, they already think ill of him, so he might as well.

Karma catches up to her brother when more than a week ago, he robs a convenience store and shoots someone. He fails to anticipate that the nephew of the kid he shot is a freak and catches up to him quick and almost killed him. The doctors pronounced him dead because the hospital wanted the money to 'shut them up' from Norman Osborn.

She's happy that her brother's still alive, unbeknownst to them. But how the Osborn's handled the case to make their *boy* the innocent one makes her blood boil.

Just because they're poor, they're subjected to take the bad reputation and rumors all because they can't *afford* a good lawyer and pay people to 'shut up'.

She sees Peter Parker be coddled and consoled from where she stands on the other side of the road. His family there for him, happy and healthy. While she and her brother gets *nothing.*

That's why she willingly goes to the Weapons Program. After all, she doesn't have anyone else when her brother left her too.

Present

"One word from me, and all your facade of being a normal father will all *blow away* ." She taunts the bounded alpha and Wade snarls as he tugs at the restraints harder.

"Try it! I'll break your neck before you can open your mouth!"

“Ah ah ah, Wade. That can wait another time.” Ajax tuts at him like a child. “For now I need to fulfill my end of the bargain and get your boyfriend.”

“Why would you even want Peter?! He’s done nothing to you, Francis!”

“True, but Rumor also told me that the man she’s after is apparently *gifted* as well. And that piqued my interest.” Ajax says and turns back to his prisoner after he’s done inputting data in the computers. “I was tired of you, Wade. But then my interest is rekindled when I’m informed that your current partner has potential to be one of my… patients. And that made me remember all the good times we shared.” He says with a toothy malevolent grin. “My accomplice here only wants him to suffer, I can do that.”

Wade growls and tugs harder at his restraints. “If you think Petey’s reckless enough to go after me, then you’re wrong--”

“Oh, he will go here.” Carter says with confidence. “He’s obviously too smitten with you. *Clearly* love is blind in your case.” She smirks at him, pointedly scrutinizing his scarred face. “But! Nevertheless, you’re here for Ajax’s experiments and bait to get Peter. Killing two birds with one stone, huh?”

“Yeah, I can kill you both with one stone.” Wade gives them a sinister smile full of promises of unpleasant things.

Anger swells inside him at the thought that they plan on doing to Peter what they did to him. Now, Wade has a gist of the secrets Peter’s been hiding from him. The alpha knew that he has some form of abilities but apparently it’s much more Wade anticipated. If it’s something that almost killed someone, then it must be frightening.

But he won’t leave Peter for that. He loves him and that’s that. No matter what.

Wade has to kudos these two though, it’s quite a nice plan and executed well. But they’re fucking wrong if they think Wade will let anything happen to Peter.

{Yeah but you’re still stuck there like a roasted duck on display in chinatown.}

‘But am I a sexy roasted duck?’

[Of course not.]

{You’re shriveled like one though!}

‘I’ll translate that to: ‘As yummy as one’!’

And Wade laughs at that with pure glee making Rumor and Ajax look displeased and annoyed at the deranged alpha they have in their hands.

“I see why you stopped pursuing him.” She whispers to her boss and Francis only groans.

“You do know I can slash this open right?” Logan states blandly at Weasel who’s busy and successfully hacking the cameras to hide their arrival in the premises of where Wade is being kept.

Gambit taps the relatively innocent looking gate housing a complex in the middle of a deserted pier off the coast of Manhattan. As his staff meets the metal, it sends a strong electric current to his hand making him yowl in surprise. He shakes his hand to alleviate the pain and smirk at his companions.

“Well… that was a *shock.”* He laughs and his friends only give him an unimpressed look. “Get it? ‘Shock’?”

“That joke makes me wanna die, Remy. But it’s difficult for me to do that, and that makes me sad.” Logan says.

“Oh fuck off, you’re always sad.” The younger alpha rolls his eyes at him and turns to Weasel, who’s busy typing away in his laptop. “Hey, can you turn this off? We can just let Wolvie here get electrocuted.”

“He can’t even make contact with it for too long.” Weasel deadpans.

“We might be here for so long they could’ve figured out how to kill Wade.” Logan huffs and lights a cigar, feeling no real urgency to get Wade. He knows the chatty alpha won’t die anyways.

What the eldest alpha said makes Remy smile at the realization that if Wade’s gone then… “Oh! I call dibs on Peter if Deadpool’s gone!” That makes the other two raise a brow at him and he waggles his at them.

Logan sniffs and a heavy frown appears on his features alerting the two. He unsheathes his claws and Gambit readies, the three of them hearing faint footsteps coming their way. They’re ready to attack until they realize who’s walking towards them.

“Peter…?” Weasel asks disbelieving. And true enough it is Peter striding over to them. The omega’s wearing a khaki green parka that’s buttoned closed, and pitch black skin tight bottoms that seem to transition seamlessly to his equally dark boots.

“Speaking of the angel... *hello gorgeous* .” Remy purrs at the brunette as he stops before them, and Peter greets them with a smile. “Here to cheer us on?”

“No, I’m here to fight along you guys and get my man.” Peter replies and they frown in confusion.

The Cajun chuckles, “That’s sweet but this is an alpha’s job, angel.” That makes Peter frown at him.

And Logan snorts, “Yeah, I don’t want another one who’ll need saving.” And Peter raises his brow at him as he crosses his arms over his chest.

His irate posture doesn’t phase the two alphas but Weasel’s just eyeing the three of them with wide eyes completely entertained by the drama. Remy indulges Peter with a flirty smile and Logan looks at him intimidatingly… even though that’s his normal face.

Peter graces them with a faux smile and walks off with attitude and annoyance. The three alphas watch him go wondering if he’s going home -hoping that he’s going home. They incline their head a little to check him out from behind because well… that sight boosts their morale to actually get this rescue thing done. Especially when Peter bends down and…

“What the hell…” Their eyes widen as their gazes follow a tunnel shipping container Peter’s *picking up* . They shriek when the container is hurled in their direction and they scramble out of its way. It crashes on the electric gate with a loud boom and they can hear sirens blaring from beneath the compound.

The alpha snaps back their attention to the apparently superhuman omega when they hear him huff and walk back towards them while he unbuttons his coat, revealing a red spider logo across his chest.

“Hold on to this for me.” Peter says a he tosses his parka to Weasel, catching it clumsily. The brunette walks past them and into the slowly emerging chaos of the guards getting ready to defend their fort.

“The hell are you doing?!” Logan calls after him.

“An alpha’s job!” Peter answers back, pulls a black mask on, and jumps into the fray.

The three alpha’s look at each other clearly unprepared for this development. They didn’t know Peter has powers! And has a costume on the fly?! But they shrug it off because what the hell. This is their life. Nothing’s normal. And there Logan and Remy go on to the battle and help Peter while Weasel does his best to delay the enemies by hacking into their systems. A bit sad because he did the effort to be stealthy but well… this works too.

He sniggers as he types hastily and adeptly at his laptop, “You’ve got quite an omega, Wade.” And he presses enter, effectively shutting down their ability to lock down the place.

Another thud and Peter takes down another goon as he slams him on the floor with enough force to incapacitate.

He snaps his head to the direction his senses tell him of a threat. Two men, one with a gun and another with an electric baton coming his way. Peter lets his body go and maneuver the way it deems best to evade their attacks and supplying it with his idea to counter them. He doesn’t have any combat training but his abilities let him execute the things he wants to do more or less and it proves to be more than enough for now.

The dull sirens blaring is making his adrenaline pump harder and his hypersensitivity running in overdrive.

But he does his best to reel himself in and not panic. Instead using that sense of urgency to move faster, stronger, and preciser.

Peter sees three more grunts in his way. He webs the legs of the first guy sending him flailing and Peter jumps to use him as a leverage to kick the other one on the left. As he lands with two men falling to the floor, he quickly shoots a web to stick the third man to the wall.

He's lost count of the number of guards he knocked out but it's more than he ever anticipated. Perhaps storming this place without any real idea of where Wade is being kept is counterproductive. In his defense, he hadn't thought that this place will have a multitude of corridors.

An explosion alerts him and he sees the wall a little off his side blown open and Remy emerges through the smoke and rubble. "Head straight there. When you've reached the farthest point, turn left. Wade should be held at the last room. Or so as Weasel told me." The alpha says and Peter nods.

"You got this?" The omega asks teasingly and Remy laughs.

"I'll call you if we need saving." Peter chuckles at that and as if on cue, Logan comes up to them cracking his neck and stretching his arms. Peter has to stop himself from doting on the older man's wounds. But he couldn't stop himself from asking if he's alright.

Logan snorts and smirks at him. "Don't worry 'bout me. Go. We'll handle the rest."

Peter thanks them and reminds them to the 'no killing' rule he set when they first entered the chaos. He runs off to the direction given to him but Remy calls after him and he turns back to them with concern.

"You're amazing, love!" Remy smiles at him with a thumbs up.

“You should join us more often, spider boy.” Logan adds.

Under his mask, Peter’s eyes widen at the compliments feeling a slight blush creep on his cheeks. He decided to use his powers to help save Wade, in the process he never really thought it’s anything ‘good’. It’s just an instrument. A mean to an end. His powers are not ‘good’. It’s destructive and harmful. But now, he realizes that… holy shit! He’s using his powers to help someone!

Peter finds confidence in himself again. Finds absolution in the devotion to help as many as he can from now on to repent for his past sin.

“What are you waiting for, spider boy?! Go now!” Logan says as he punches a goon square in the face.

“I’m not a ‘boy’!” Peter replies, turning to run off.

“Ha! ‘Man’ then.”

And Peter grins.

Yeah, *‘Spider-Man’* sounds alright.

Ajax watches the monitors with annoyance and a hint of concern when he sees Peter take down more of his men. He notes that his movements are getting less sloppy and more mastered. It’s concerning how he’s growing from this brief time he’s exposed to fighting. He gives Rumor a sidelong glance and sees she didn’t expect for Peter to come here *fighting* and *geared.* They anticipated him to put up a fight, yeah. But not actually tear the place down like a hurricane.

Carter glances back at him and they seem to have the same train of thought. Ajax scoffs at her and turns back to the computers and presses the comm. “Take him.” He orders and glance back at Rumor. “Pray that my new pets can handle him. If not, I’ll leave you here and feed you to him.” He states unfeeling.

She glares at him but doesn't answer and that satisfies Ajax enough and fixes her with one last stare before he turns to Wade. "I can't wait to have him, Wade. He's *exquisite.* " He grins and Wade growls at him through the muzzle they put on him. "But alas, I'm going to consider retreating for now. *Rumor* can't do her job well." He snides at her.

"Your men are incompetent!" Carter bites back.

"And you're one of them." Ajax answers with a smirks but it fades to anger once more. "You assured you've broken him from the *inside* so he won't be a problem for us like this. Yet here we are."

She opens her mouth to speak again but he brandishes an axe at her. "I don't like broken promises, Alice."

Peter halts, panting heavily. Before him are two people blocking his way to the last room but these are obviously not the same as the ones he've fought. One of them is built like a mountain, his muscles seem unreal and his veins could be made out from under his pale skin. The other one is slimmer in build, still fairly muscled but leaner and his skin is a deep ebony. A contrast of each other yet they hold the same look in their eyes: lifeless, haunted, and *murderous* . His senses are pinging of danger at them but Wade is beyond that door behind those two people.

He'll just have to go for it, after all he gained a bit of confidence and experience after bringing down all those previous thugs.

Deciding to trust his skills and instincts, he walks over to them with his palms open on either side. It seems that he might need the claws put there by Harry for the purpose as an added form of weapon. Peter hadn't used them earlier since it draws blood and it makes him a little queasy, opting to only use the blunt force of his kicks and punches.

But now that the threat seems greater, he may need all the power and help he can get.

As he walks towards them, nervousness creeps higher in his chest. But he can't stop now. Wade is in danger and he needs to get to him *now* .

So before fear completely stops him, Peter picks up his pace and charges at the two.

His logical mind telling him that their body type is a clue on their skills. The larger one being inclined to use brute force and the other perhaps in other skills but for sure he could be faster than the big guy and perhaps, easier to knock out.

With that idea, Peter shoots a web targeting their feet to stick them to the floor. But in almost a blink of an eye, large hands grab his forearms. He gasps in shock and the huge man pulls him up. Quick footsteps running towards him alerts him of the smaller guy coming to hit him. So with haste, Peter pulls himself up to kick the man holding him up successfully freeing himself. He lands on a crouch, he's free from the hold but it's too late to dodge the other guy coming at him.

Peter crosses his arms in front of his face to parry the punch.

The force of the hit is so great it sends him skidding back a few feet away and he feels his arms throb at the strong blow.

He grimaces in pain and stops himself from sliding back further by planting the tips of his fingers on the floor.

"Shit!" Looking up he mutters a curse under his breath when the big guy charge towards him in a speed that's inhuman. Peter barely manages to dodge when another punch lands on his torso and his body slams back on the wall. It isn't as strong as the smaller man's so he manages to pick himself up quicker.

Just in time to dodge another attack.

'Okay, Big Guy is the fast one, Small Dude is the strong one…!'

Peter concludes while doing his best to evade and counter their attacks. It proves to be difficult since their enhanced like him and obviously had training.

His only advantage being nimble and his senses warning him of impending danger. It's useful against the strong one since Peter's faster than him but his senses barely help him in dodging the big agile man's blows.

Peter starts to feel the pressure and panic when the two get a hold of a rhythm leaving almost no window for the omega to defend himself or be in offense.

The moment when all he does is catch their attacks and be thrown around does the fear of once more failing to do good with his powers start to creep in him.

In the last room where Wade is held in, Ajax watch in manic glee of his pets putting the omega in place. Distantly, he hears Wade growling and thrashing as the alpha could see the monitors showing Peter getting beat up.

'Just run, Pete! Leave me!'

He begs in his mind yet he knows in his heart that Peter won't abandon him. Not when he's come so *close* .

"You'll kill him if this keeps up!" Surprisingly, Rumor exclaims with a hint of concern.

Ajax raises a brow at her, " *You're* worried?" He asks.

Carter schools her features to indifference but her voice wavers a little making the villainous alpha smirk. "W-well, he's got better use to you alive. If you want to weaponize him."

Scoffing, Ajax turns back to the scene of his new prospect slowly getting defeated. "I can find other ways to use him, don't you worry."

And Wade thrashes harder his eyes meeting Rumor's.

Peter's back collides with the corridor walls again, leaving a dent from the force and the number of times he's been slammed on it.

This time though, he can no longer muster the strength to get up.

He pants heavily albeit with difficulty since he's pretty sure he's cracked a rib or two making breathing agonizing. The two opponents walk over to him and he sees their devious grins as they watch him futilely trying to get up.

On his third failed attempt, he slumps on the floor giving up.

His brown eyes wander to the sealed doors in the distance.

'Wade…'

Peter thanks the mask he's wearing because it hides his tears of anguish and pain. Though, he doesn't know which hurts more: His body or failing to prove to himself that his powers are not a curse.

He shouldn't have tried to play hero. He can never be one. Not like this. Worn and broken and down on the floor trying not to cry.

He can't call on Logan and Remy, they're busy helping and freeing the other innocent people being held here for experiments. They found them by accident and it became one of their priorities. Asking one of them to help him will cost more innocent lives. He doesn't want that. He doesn't want others' lives to be ruined because of *his* failures.

Again.

The chance to dwell on his mistakes is taken from him when the large man takes him by the throat and slowly pull him up by the neck. Peter struggles from the hold but he gets slammed on the wall again jogging his mind but the grip on his neck loosens marginally, merely holding him up rather than actually choking him.

“All this to get your boyfriend back, huh omega?” The man holding him sneers.

“He...He’s not ju-ust…! Just my b-boyfriend!” Peter retaliates, “Wade’s got... *family* and *friends…!* W-who waits for him!”

That’s right… this isn’t about Peter proving that he can do good with his powers -that he can redeem *himself* .

No.

“I’ll get Wade back *for* them!”

This is about saving others and giving *those* people a chance. No matter what become of him. Monster or hero, it doesn’t matter. He’ll do what it takes to help using these powers thrusted upon him.

Worrying about labels will only drag him down.

He finds resolve and leaves fear behind.

“What about you…?” Peter taunts them, smirking under his mask. “Y-you don’t have *anyone* …! I don’t even *know* your names! K-keep calling you Big Guy and Small Dude in my head…!” He chuckles weakly.

It does the trick and annoyance paints their face and turn to each other for a second before back to him.

“Boss only said to ‘take’ you. He didn’t say ‘alive’.” The smaller man states, pulling back his fist.

Peter feels the grip on his neck gets tighter but he ignores the sharp pain, intent to take that chance to plant a foot on the wall and use that leverage to kick the stronger of the two, giving all the strength he has left.

He succeeds in throwing him off strong enough to send him crashing to the opposite wall, breaking the concrete.

Before the man holding him does something fatal, Peter shoots a web to his face, easier now that there's no distance between them for the larger man to stop him or evade with his speed.

Startled, he lets go of the omega. Peter uses that chance to web his larger opponent's body up from shoulder to his legs, making sure it's thick enough he can't move.

He wheezes from the pain on his side but he chooses to not mind it for now as he goes to the last door at the end of the corridor.

Palming the metal door, he hypothesizes how thick it is. Probably as thick as the walls. Peter whips around and sees the remaining foe, who he slammed on a wall, walking towards him albeit limping a little.

"I thought I knocked you out?" Peter states more than asks.

The other man smirks, a trickle of blood streaking his forehead. "You need something harder than that!" He taunts but his grin is cut off when a line of web sticks to his torso.

Before he can react, Peter tugs him and holds him by his shirt.

"Is that so?"

A huge crash is heard through the halls when the enforced steel door gets bashed in when Peter hurls the man to the door.

His lungs are on fire and his head pounding but he quells that down when he steps in the room filled with smoke from the rubble. The lights are out further making it more difficult to see what's inside.

“Wade?!” Peter calls out but no one is there. He can see where the alpha could’ve been kept and next to the imprisonment devices, a computer with three huge monitors. Peter frowns at the middle monitor glitching from a bullet embedded on it.

Nonetheless, visuals could still be made out. The monitors show the different security cameras and the largest panel being where he’s literally been fighting for his life. Before he can press anything on the keyboard, it shuts off -obviously the files there are wiped out by now.

Before he can attempt to use it to hopefully find where Wade might’ve been relocated, he hears a barely audible whisper of his name off to the side. It alerts him and he readies to defend himself again.

But he sees someone laying there, mortally wounded. He *knows* this person.

Peter rushes over to her and it *is* Ms. Carter curled up on her side with a nasty gash on her waist she brings her arms around on.

“W-what?” He asks as he pulls his mask off, not understanding why she’s here and in this state. Although, an answer is supplied in the back of his mind.

The way she looks at him, confirms his suspicions.

He feels anger again because she’s the root of all this and apparently, karma catches up to her. But he can’t let that cloud his judgement that she’s heavily injured. Whatever she did, it’s not something Peter wants her to die for.

“You need help, come on…” He makes a move to try and carry her to safety but she stops him by weakly putting her hand on his forearm.

Peter meets her eyes when she shakes her head. Confusion is apparent in his features and Carter answers him. “...Go..” She says and Peter feels dread.

Yeah, she’s been all sorts of trouble for him… but he doesn’t want her to die!

“Go…!” She says again and Peter looks at her again and sees she doesn’t want him to leave her because she’s ready to die. Rather she wants him to continue his chase.

Peter nods and Carter shakily hands him a device that looks reminiscent of a phone but it’s different upon deeper scrutiny. He turns it on and his eyes widen a little understanding what it’s doing.

It’s tracking something or *someone* .

“Go, get them.”

Earlier

“I can find other ways to use him, don’t you worry.”

And Wade thrashes harder his eyes meeting Rumor’s.

Their eyes come to an understanding and Wade pointedly shifts his eyes to Francis whose attention is taken up by his sadistic thrill of watching Peter get hurt. She gives a small nod and quickly draws the pistol on her belt.

And she fires it at Ajax’s direction, with full intent to shoot him in the head. But he quickly evades before the bullet leaves the barrel. It grazes the side of his head and he quickly swivels to throw an ax at her, and that starts their battle. They’re almost evenly match, only Ajax’s ability to not feel pain gives him the advantage to not stagger in his movements. Carter knows she won’t win against him, so she lures him to the farthest wall and kicks him hard enough to stumble back.

Once Ajax hits the floor, she dashes over to Deadpool, reaches up to the binds with her left hand to free him while her other hand rests on Wade’s hip to support her as she stands on her tiptoes to reach. But before she could, Wade screams from under his muzzle when Ajax comes up to her and slashes her side. He pushes her off to the side with a hint of disgust.

“Oh Alice… Alice Alice Alice…” Ajax condescends as he crouches beside her body laying in her growing pool of blood. “Why’d you have to make things complicated for you? I thought you wanted him to die?”

“I only want him… to h-hurt!” She chokes out blood.

The manic alpha grins. “Did you honestly think, *I’m* above killing? Or did you suddenly feel bad? Oh Alice… Stopping me won’t redeem you or your *family of criminals* . You’re all the *same* . Whenever something really bad happens, you play coy pleading: *‘This isn’t what I wanted! I only did it because I have no choice!’* ” He chuckles darkly, “You can see through others but you *can’t* see yourself. Don’t worry, I’ll tell you what you are… you’re *pathetic.* ”

Carter glares at him, her eyes shining with tears. Ajax stands up, “You love playing victim, right Alice? Well, I’ll leave you there; *barely alive* so you can feel yourself *die* .”

Wade thrashes the hardest he’s done, and yelling curses muffled by muzzle.

Ajax turns to him, “You’re getting restless, Wade. We better get a move on then.”

And then he transfers Wade through the exit hidden at the back of the shelves. Unbeknownst to him, Carter attached a small tracking device on the underside Wade’s belt when she brought her hand on his hip when she ‘attempted’ to free him.

She gives a small triumphant smirk when she hears the bolt shut behind her as Ajax make their escape.

‘You underestimate me, Jax’

Present

“Go, get them.”

She says with complete resolve, gripping his hand. Peter doesn’t want to just leave her like this, but to waste the effort she’s done to help them in her change of heart will be more disrespectful and crushing. So he nods, his eyes full of conviction.

He pulls on his mask again follows where the tracker points.

Every step, every inhale, every exhale.

It feels like his body is burning from the exhaustion and the multitude of injuries. If his body could talk, it’s probably begging Peter to stop and rest. But he can’t do that.

He needs to get Wade for Ellie.

He needs to get Ajax for the people he hurt and bring justice.

He *needs* to finish this.

A part of Peter asks: ‘Why does it have to be *me* ?’ He can just wait by the sidelines and have others do this. Wolverine, and Gambit can do this as well. Probably, even better. But it wouldn’t hurt to help.

It wouldn’t hurt to tell himself: ‘It *can* be me.’

It’s about damn time he does something other than wallow in self pity.

Meanwhile, in the cargo truck where Ajax loaded Wade along with other ‘patients’ he managed to salvage. Ajax grins at Wade when the bounded alpha snarls at him. He knows the sad whimpers of the *young* prisoners is setting Wade’s protective instinct into overdrive.

“This brings back some fun memories, doesn’t it Wade? All these kiddies in need of help, and you can’t do a damn thing.” He chuckles, “Maybe if your omega was strong enough to survive my pets, he could’ve--”

Suddenly, the truck comes in contact with something that sends into a rough abrupt stop. They stagger from where they are at the back and Ajax steadies himself on the wall.

Tension fills the surrounding and he takes his axes from where they’re kept. He signals the four guards with them, who are also elite mercenaries, to stand sentinel at the door.

After what seems to be an eternity of anxious air, two knocks are rapt on the door and a muffled voice saying, “Knock Knock!”

They all share quizzical looks.

And then the thin steel door morphs as if something or *someone* tugged at it like it’s a piece of linen. The truck quakes at the sudden jolt of force done from the outside and the next thing they know, the door is yanked out of its hinges.

Wade cheers when he sees the sexy silhouette of Peter outside with his hands on his hips like a disappointed granny.

He tuts like one too at the guards.

“You guys were supposed to ask: who’s there?” Peter huffs in mock annoyance and stomps his foot. “I had a joke and everything!”

It takes the hired mercenaries a second, studying Peter incredulously before doing their job and attack.

Despite his injuries and tired bones, Peter keeps up with them. Taking them on one or two at a time before tossing them aside to attend to the others. When he knocks out two of them did Ajax click his tongue and jump into the fray. Wade thrashes hard again, even more worried now that Ajax will fight Peter head on.

The omega barely dodges the newcomer's slash on his torso. This one doesn't stagger and always quick on his feet. He finds himself in a disadvantage again when the three synchronizes their attacks to leave no window for him. His injuries further worsens the more he moves but he can't exactly stop or else he'll get decapitated.

Peter groans when his back slams on the truck's tailgate. He curses in his head when they come at him again, but he hears Wade thrashing and rattling the binds he's in and Peter quickly jumps in the vast container.

Distantly he hears Ajax exclaim "No!"

But seeing the young prisoners distracted Peter from that and only angered him more. Muffled screams that vaguely sound like his name snaps his attention back and he gets to Wade.

"Wade…!"

Ajax stops one of the mercenaries from going in there and takes three grenades from her belt, pulls the pin, and toss them inside the container.

"There are children there!"

"So?" He deadpans at her. He just *wants* that omega dead now. Too much trouble than he's--

Before he can end that thought, the grenades he threw are tossed back out again.

"Fuck-!" They jump as far away as possible in the remaining 2 seconds before it explodes.

The blast pushes them a couple of feet away from where they are but they quickly regain their composure, coughing and squinting their eyes from the cloud of dust.

“Oh Francis… Francis, Francis, Francis.”

They’re alerted by Deadpool’s voice. “Bombs? Really? The only thing we have in common is our disdain in using bombs. It’s desperate and artless. But I guess we really can’t make this relationship work, huh Franny?”

And that is his last warning before he jumps out of the cloud of smoke and attacks Ajax. While he takes care of him, Peter handles the remaining mercenaries.

Knowing that Wade is finally free and *fighting alongside him* electrified Peter. Desperation turning to elation fuels his movements to be more fluid and explosive.

Everything seems to be a blur, his body working on autopilot as his mind wanders at…

How the *fuck* he got in this situation.

Months ago Peter Parker is just your ordinary elementary teacher -taking attendance, lecturing, grading papers, and disciplining his students.

But then one day this… *man* waltzed in wearing his plain white shirt with a mustard stain on it and Peter’s *enamored* . What with the man’s goofy smile, stupid jokes, and honest blue eyes.

Peter’s never met a man quite like Mr. Wilson, and from there he just knows that if he doesn’t get to know him more - *see* him more- then he’s going to miss out on something.

Apparently, the feeling is mutual and so begins their relationship.

Even when they both know they’re hiding something important from each other, they find it in them to still embrace each other. Patient and understanding.

Loving Wade is an adventure, and Peter’s ready to go on that path forever.

Finally, his last opponent is out cold. Peter turns and sees Wade finish up with Ajax too.

The alpha turns to him and walks over. He takes the brunette's hand. "Don't worry, I didn't kill him." He says reassuringly. Peter already knows that Wade wouldn't kill the man, no matter how much he threatens because he wants to be *good*. But nonetheless, he graces Wade with a soft smile and a nod.

A smile that Wade couldn't see, so the alpha takes the hem of the mask and pulls the mask off revealing a tired yet happy Peter.

"There's my hero." He says with a chuckle and Peter grins off to the side, suddenly feeling a little bashful, unused to being referred as such. He turns back to Wade again and they share a smile with each other filled -relieved and grateful that the other is alright.

Standing here, in front of one another with Peter embracing his powers and Wade unhidden by a facade. It strikes them that, this doesn't change what they feel. It's because despite all the secrets they once held, they still managed to truly *see* each other.

Wade's always known that Peter's not just a regular person because every time the younger man will hold his hand, and give him his honest and loving smile, he *knows* he can't be someone he can find anywhere else. His love, unbounded and unprejudiced.

Wade's always known that Peter is *extraordinary.*

Peter, on the other hand, long ago accepted that Wade is imperfect and *that's okay* . He's not looking for a perfect prince. After all, he's far from perfection himself. He drags himself down sometimes because of that. But then he meets Wade, the man who loves him just as he is. Wade, whose smile and laugh can make his world so much brighter. His reassuring embrace always grounds him and give him strength to fight on.

He never saw Wade as someone *perfect* . His soul and body scarred, but beyond that is someone he's always seen.

Peter's always seen Wade, a man who's vulnerable yet so *strong* and *good* .

Wade's not perfect, but he's the *best* in Peter's eyes.

They've been so terrified of their past but now they're willing to let all that crash over them, and only they will remain as it all ebb away. The past and the future becoming insignificant because what matters is where they are *now* .

Chapter End Notes

(ღ˘◡˘ღ) no cliffie as promised

-I wanted to write a complex antagonist (Ms.Carter/Rumor) alongside a straightforward villain (Ajax) ^^'
-I hope this brought enough revelations from the previous chapters suspense

Thank you guys so much! I promise more closure next chapter! ^^
Lemme know what you think!

You're my End Game

Chapter Summary

For Peter, loving Wade Wilson truly is an adventure.

Chapter Notes

FINAL CHAPTER!
I'm sorry for the late upload, work's been crazy. ╥﹏╥

Set directly after previous chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Men in suits arrive at the scene on what seems like a platoon of black cars and vans. Peter figures that they must be the FBI but how Wade looks disdainfully at them makes him think otherwise.

The alpha tells him to put his mask on and leave; promising to meet up with him later. Peter obeys albeit with hesitance since right now he doesn't trust a lot of people and he just got Wade back.

But he sees the look in Wade's eyes, telling him to trust him. And so he goes. Before he swings off, he distantly hears Wade's cheery voice greet someone.

"Coulson! I missed you, buddy!"

And Peter leaves with Wade's welcoming tone as his solace that he won't vanish again.

When Peter gets back to Harry's place, he first makes it a point to sneak in to his friend's room and change into casual clothes. Surprisingly, Harry isn't there sleeping.

As he's putting his pants up, he hears the clacking of silverware and vague sound of people talking so he makes his way to the dining room. Before he gets there, he dreads that Ellie might be crestfallen that Wade's not there yet.

His heart pounds in worry and mentally slaps himself in not dragging Wade back here. But when he gets there, he sees Ellie… quite in an okay mood.

Harry's there sitting next to her while she babbles on to him -her mouth full of pancakes and bacon. The beta listens to her patiently and with a smile on his lips as he responds every so often at whatever she's saying. Aunt May and Bob are busy finishing up breakfast, the old lady complimenting Bob's cooking skills.

Harry spots him and Ellie follows his eyes. She beams up at Peter and waves her hand at him.

"G'morning, Peter!" She greets loudly with a big smile on her face that's just downright infectious making it impossible for Peter to not return it.

He greets back and kisses the top of her head. Aunt May goes over to him and gives him a tight embrace.

She pulls him over to the side and whispers, asking about Wade. He tells her they found him and Aunt May exhales a breath of relief.

Peter gives her a smile and sits down by the table, eyeing the plates of food being served by Bob. He thanks him as he does.

"Wow that's a lot of food." He remarks and Aunt May chuckles.

"Well Harry here can't figure out what he wants so we made everything he likes." She says and Harry hums in agreement while he sips his coffee.

"Harry, you should be like Ellie! She knows what she wants!" Aunt May teases.

Ellie preens, "It's 'cause daddy always gets summoned by the smell of pancakes and bacon

smothered in Canadian maple syrup!”

They laugh at that, but moments later...

“Do I smell pancakes and bacon smothered in 100% Canadian maple syrup?”

And Wade is there by the door.

Ellie squeals in excitement and jumps over to him and Wade lifts her up in an embrace. Peter looks at him as if he’s seeing him for the first time. Only now does everything that occurred fully sink in. Because wow, he really *is* here. Alive and well.

Now, a huge weight is lifted off Peter’s shoulders, leaving his emotions raw and it clearly paints on his features.

Wade takes notice of him, because of course he will, and gives Peter a reassuring smile that always helps the younger man collect himself. The alpha opens his free arm, since the other is occupied cradling a hyped up Ellie, motioning for an embrace.

Peter smiles, tears threatening to fall, and goes to them. He embraces the father-daughter with all the love he can and he finally openly cries his relief when Wade encloses them in a group hug. Peter chuckles wetly when Wade and Ellie coo at him to ease him off his crying.

“Daddy! You made Peter cry! Bad Wadey!” Ellie mock scolds her father and Wade sheepishly grins.

“Aww, I’m sorry baby gorilla! Next time I promise that Peter will cry because he’s so gosh darn happy!”

They go back and forth like that making Peter chuckle at the duo and really, here in this moment with these two and his family and friends behind him, there’s nowhere else he’d rather be.

As they go about their breakfast, Wade decides that this is the best time to be clean about the truth of who and what he is -what he does. Bearing himself physically and emotionally. Surprisingly,

they care not about his features. And for a while he wonders if all this time his worry about his self proclaimed hideousness is all for naught. But regardless of that, he needs to hide Deadpool for now.

Harry takes it in a stride since being a tycoon, he's come to know even more corrupt men than he'd like. People who would hire people like Wade to eliminate competition. Nonetheless, the beta is glad that the alpha doesn't do that anymore.

Aunt May is apprehensive since being with someone like Wade might bring danger to her nephew. Also thinking about the future growth of their family. But she sees how Wade raised Ellie to be sweet, loving, and strong and it gives her hope for them.

Peter looks at Wade too, completely content and assured that whatever obstacle will come their way, they shall remain resolute.

Still, worry still creeps in her but that's normal. It's normal for an aunt -a *mother* - to worry. What she can only do is trust. Wade's a good man. She knows that in her heart. And the world is already harsh as it is; to everyone regardless of the life they live. So Peter might as well face those challenges with someone he holds dear.

So with a smile, she gives them their blessing and understanding.

Forgiveness and understanding are things that Peter learned to give albeit with great difficulty.

He always blamed himself even for things he has no control over. And anger led him to paths he never wants to go back to. It's a terrible feeling to be your own demon that's why he does his best to forgive the people who's done him wrong. Because he doesn't want to add himself as a dark cloud hovering over them.

If they sincerely ask for forgiveness then that's more than enough.

That's why when he found out that Ms. Carter is the sister of the man he attacked, it all made sense to him why she did all those things.

She seeked revenge on him just like how Peter did when her brother shot uncle Ben. It's a cruel cycle that Peter wants to break that's why he sits across her. She's being held in a prison where people with equally special abilities are held in.

They're quiet for a while and simply feeling the surroundings from the guards on careful watch to the subtle ticking of the wall clock hanging above the door sill. After three ticks she breaks the silence.

"I don't expect you to forgive me. You don't have to force yourself to come here and think of nice words to ease my conscience."

"What makes you think I didn't come here screaming and vent my anger at you?"

She smirks, "'Cause you're nice like that." And Peter gives her a small smile.

"I'm not forcing myself, you know? I do mean to come here. I want to move on. It's up to you if you want to or not. But I need to ask you one thing for all this to completely roll off my shoulder." He says evenly and she continues to eye him, waiting for his question.

Peter takes a breath. "Did I really kill your brother?" He asks solemnly, afraid.

She closes her eyes and inhales. Opening her eyes again, she gives him an honest gaze. "No."

Hearing that straight from her banished the underlying tempest within his conscience.

And suddenly, he doesn't feel like he's drowning anymore.

The essential question Peter and Wade faces is: Where will they go from here?

Wade, for one, is dead set on his format of having a relatively innocent day job and manage his ‘business’ on the side. The man is truly passionate about giving service to people in need to places where it’s difficult to get the help they need. Primarily protection. He recounts the number of people his mercs saved from human traffickers, illegal prostitution, kidnappers, and the likes. Wade is well aware that what he’s doing is essentially vigilante justice, but the world is more than just two ends of a spectrum. So if he knows he’s saved innocent lives then he could care less about what the government or other heroes will make of him.

“I tried being a ‘hero’, Pete, but they cramp my style. They’re all so PG-13. I can’t cuss and do multiple pelvic thrusts as a form of victory dance! So it’s a ‘no’ for me.” He says with a playful wink and Peter indulges him with a small chuckle.

Peter knows that there’s more to that. He knows the superhero community may hold a grudge against him or are apprehensive of his character. That’s why the best they could give Deadpool is have him as a backup.

It’s sad to think that even when Wade would take a hit for them, they still think he won’t be a good team member.

But Peter won’t blame them, it’s their choice. He knows Wade is a good man. And even if he’s not part of any group, Wade is Ellie and Peter’s hero.

So Peter supports Wade’s decision to go back to the way he is.

The question now is left for Peter.

Wade, Ellie, and of course, Harry all wants - *pleads* - for him to be a superhero. Ellie even gives her own design ideas for his new suit because the black is just too scary and not kid friendly apparently. Their support is sweet and endearing but he’s still not sure how being a superhero will blend in his schedule so it’s all up in the air at this point.

One thing is for sure though, Peter wants to pursue being a scientist now.

Being a teacher has brought many joy and recently, sorrow, but those experiences are worth remembering.

In being an educator, he met Wade Wilson. A goofy alpha with an infectious smile and a nutty sense of humor. He's tall and buff but he's all mush and rainbows when he's with his daughter. Courageous and impulsive; he will fight anyone who does his family harm. He wants nothing more than to make people laugh and just enjoy life to the fullest.

Wade is someone he desperately needs, even when Peter doesn't realize it before.

Someone who can understand what it feels to hide. Someone who will help him see the goodness in imperfections. Someone who will take him for who he was, who he is, and who he will become.

Peter's not naive. He's been in relationships before. He knows what it feels to be infatuated with someone. With Wade though, it's not the same in a sense that: Wade *doesn't complete* him. With Wade, he doesn't feel like he's a *half* of a whole.

Wade makes him feel *whole* as he is.

Both of them are. Complete as they are but together they become so much more.

And that's when Peter knew, that Wade is the one for him. Wade will be there every step of the way, so he's unafraid to move on to a new chapter in his life.

Months later Peter finds himself working as an apprentice for Dr. Bruce Banner. After years of the renowned scientist's consistent follow-up if Peter's interested in working with him, the omega finally accepted now that his teaching career has been brought to a close. Rekindling his dream to be a scientist alongside one of the greatest minds is undoubtedly something he's happy with.

Dr. Banner is a kind and gentle soul who mentors him not just at work but also as a good friend.

Peter is startled at first when the alpha clocks in right off the bat that he's a mutate but then Dr. Banner smiles at him kindly with complete understanding and no prejudice. Letting that issue slide off their shoulder and they go on with their work.

Yeah, things are looking up for Peter in his career. To fully utilize his intelligence and challenge his mind is awesome. But there are times when he would miss teaching. He expresses that some time with Bruce and the man smiles, advising that he can always go back to teaching but of course, Peter's going to have to juggle that with his work here.

And Peter chuckles because he's pretty sure he can't handle all of that. Especially when he's got his family to think of.

Well, technically Wade and him aren't married yet *but* he moved in with them a month ago. The memory of that still brings a stupid smile on his face.

A stupid smile that makes its way again on his features as he jots down notes from their experiments. Bruce takes notice of it and gives a knowing smile.

"So," He starts. "When's the wedding?"

Peter almost breaks the pen and he sputters. "W-what?"

Bruce motions to his blushing face. "Well from how you smile that smile when you think about Wade I assumed that he finally asked you." The beta grins at the panicking omega.

"No he hasn't! W-we're still trying our domestic life, i-if it works, y'know?"

"And does it?"

And Peter calms down with a serene smile again, "Yeah…"

Bruce chuckles. "Well, I reckon it's only a matter of time." He winks and Peter grins sheepishly.

The following day he had to stay home with Ellie since the little girl 'isn't feeling well'. Peter is pretty darn sure she's faking it because she doesn't want to go to school. He'll allow it today since

exams ended anyways and at least they get more quality time together.

Ellie helps him prepare lunch and bake cookies for the old couple living next door. Ever since Peter moved in with them, he insists to make acquaintance with the neighbors since it's always good to have friends especially ones who live *next* to them. Fortunately, the neighbors are nothing but kind. Well, if they do anything dickish, Peter won't give them any of his baking ever again so it's ride or die.

As they wrap up the cookies, portioning it for the people they will give them to, the doorbell rings.

Peter answers the door and he sees Aunt May and Uncle Ben which is a surprise since they didn't tell him about their visit. Nonetheless, he greets them with each a kiss on their cheek and ushers them in.

"What are you guys doing here?" He asks and at the same time he finishes that question, Ellie comes running in to tackle his aunt and uncle into a hug when she heard them.

Uncle Ben chuckles as he holds Ellie in his arms, "Wade told us to keep Ellie company. He wants you to go somewhere and Dopinder is already outside waiting for you."

Peter frowns at that. "Why won't he just message me?"

The couple shrugs. "Wade's a complicated fellow." Ben says and Peter has to agree on that with a sigh. Aunt May and Uncle Ben offers to clean the kitchen up for him so Peter can get himself ready so they can leave sooner.

Peter allows them and as he's drying his hair after a quick shower, he messages Wade:

"What are you up to?"

" No good ;) As usual."

Is all Wade replies so Peter gives up and just let this all happen because surely Wade won't give him a straight answer anyway.

Afterall, it isn't the first time Wade arranges a surprise dinner or something.

Dopinder drives him to an old clock tower in Brooklyn and Peter gets all the more confused because this doesn't seem like a place for a surprise date. Still, he rides the elevator to the top floor as instructed by Dopinder and once the door opens, Peter sees a *nice* spacious penthouse and at the center is Wade, unmasked and wearing his Deadpool uniform.

The alpha's smile is wide. "Surprise! Happy Birthday!" He greets and Peter shakes his head with an amused smile.

"Wade, my birthday is two weeks away." Peter replies as he steps in the room.

Wade scratches his head with a pout of confusion. "Really? Aww! And I prepared all this for you!" He motions to the dinner table for two and pulls up the cloche revealing tacos and burritos. "See? Mexican food! Your favorite!"

Peter scoffs, "No, that's *your* favorite. Italian is my favorite."

"Oh… well, I prepared your favorite songs!" And the stereo comes to life playing *The Edge of Heaven* by *Wham!*

The omega crosses his arms over his chest, completely underwhelmed by his boyfriend's preparation. He shakes his head 'no' it's not his favorite. Odd because Wade knows all about the things he like and now he throws a party completely missing the things Peter would personally appreciate.

"Is this honestly a birthday dinner for me? 'Cause there's nothing in this room I like, Wade." Peter says a little disappointed. Fine, Wade completely misses his birthday, he can forgive that. They can celebrate in advance. But this party isn't anything he'd want for *his* birthday. Peter's upset because Wade is so much more thoughtful than this.

"Oh, babe." Wade coos and walks over to him and puts his hands on Peter's arms, gently rubbing his thumb upon the younger's skin to placate him. "But there *is* something here that you like." He says confidently and Peter raises a brow at him.

Wade grins, “Me.”

And Peter couldn’t contain his laugh. “Really? Is that where you’ll get the cheese for your tacos?”

“Yep!”

Peter shakes his head with a smile, completely forgiving Wade.

“Now come here, I have something to show you.” Wade says pulling him up the stairs to the roof deck. Honestly, Peter isn’t really expecting a lot other than another dinner table but with a different cuisine. When he gets there though, he is greeted by a shock of red and he realizes that the roof deck is adorned by vivid Red Spider Lilies. They’re simply beautiful and reminiscent of their first date.

Another thing that’s breathtaking is the million dollar view of Manhattan and the Brooklyn Bridge. The red flowers’ accenting the already magnificent sight.

“Oh Wade…”

“You like it?” Wade asks, wrapping his arms from behind the omega and rests his chin on Peter’s shoulder. Peter nods and is about to turn and hug Wade, but the man squeezes him tighter, stopping him. Wade chuckles, “It’s about to get even better…”

Peter frowns in thought at the alpha, his heart pounding already knowing what that could imply…

A sound of a firework going off takes his attention back to the city skyline. The dusk sky over Manhattan painted even more colorful by the vibrant fireworks. It’s breathtaking how the lights dance and just when he thought that’s the whole of Wade’s surprise, the buildings making up the city skyline lights up with 3D projection mapping.

Peter gasps in disbelief and amazement because that’s just *insane* .

The projection shows chibi Deadpool popping up and brushing in neat calligraphy writing:

"Marry me, Petey?" And chibipool proceeds to plop down kneeling. Peter chuckles at the cuteness of it, his eyes welling up from how his heart just seem to implode. Behind him he feels Wade peel himself away from him and that takes his attention.

The fireworks showering the horizon, the 3D projection that encompasses the lower Manhattan city skyline, the beautiful flowers, all of that is overwhelming but none of that can ever compare to the sight of Wade kneeling down on one knee, in his Deadpool suit unmasked showing his sincere blue eyes, and holding out an engagement ring.

Peter has to clutch his heart to contain himself, he knows he's gaping like a fish now but he can't help it.

"Peter, I make mistakes both intentional and unintentional… the earlier shtick *is* intentional just so you know. Just so I can work this emotional metaphor. I'll *never* forget your birthday and the fact that Italian is your favorite and I know that 'Ramones' is your jam and not 'Wham!'" And Wade goes on rambling making Peter chuckle.

"Also, I know you're wondering, and no, I didn't have those buildings' permission to deface their structure with my cute image but no harm no foul, amirite? Besides! I see it as a--"

"Wade… Wade!" The omega cuts his babbling and motions for him to get it together.

"Oh right, sorry. I got a little carried away." Wade chortles and turns his attention to the side. "We're gonna have to add that to the B-roll."

Peter frowns in confusion and looks to where Wade is looking. "What? Are you in The Office or something?"

"No, baby. I'm recording this!" And Wade points to where he's talking to and Peter squints his eyes and he sees a GoPro nestled with the flowers. "All my budget went to the presentation hence the low budget video recording but it's better than nothing!" Wade grins proudly and Peter had to laugh.

"It's alright. Wait," And Peter takes his phone from his pocket and goes to a spot where he thinks

will be a good angle to capture this special moment. “Gotta share this later!”

Wade eases a little on his kneeling position, “Man, this is turning to be anticlimactic.” He chuckles.

“Well, it wouldn’t be us if everything went perfect.” Replied Peter while he props his phone safely and checking if it’s a good view.

Wade grins in agreement up at Peter who’s making his way back to his previous spot. The omega waggles his eyebrows at him and Wade chuckles, “Take two?”

Peter nods with a big smile and a prominent blush.

The alpha heaves a breath, redoes his original posture, and an easy smile makes its way on his lips as he gazes up to Peter’s ever loving smile.

“Peter, I’m not perfect. I make mistakes. But I damn well promise to give you *everything* I can and can’t. Will you entrust your past, present, and hopefully, your future with me and be my husband?” Peter nods his head frantically making Wade grin, “Yes?”

“Yes! Yes yes yes!” After Wade slides the ring on Peter’s finger, he stands up promptly.

Peter immediately catches him in a passionate kiss, hopping up and wrapping his legs around the alpha’s waist. Wade chuckles in the kiss and hoists the omega easily by his thighs. He can feel Peter’s smile on his lips, and that’s the moment Wade knows that everything is how it should be .

_-_-_-_-_-_-_

One Year Later

Prague

Wade wakes up and groggily reaches to his side but finds it empty. Before he gets up to see where Peter is, the younger man walks up to his side holding a tray with breakfast.

“Good morning.” The brunette greets him sweetly, places the tray by the side table and leans down to give Wade a quick good morning kiss but the alpha pulls him down and Peter chuckles. “Hey, I brought breakfast for you.”

Wade hums, “Want you instead…”

And how can Peter say no to that especially since it’s their honeymoon trip around Europe and Asia. He’s on his suppressants but at the rate their going, Peter’s not surprised if their escapades bore. But that’s a thought for later because Wade manhandles him back down on the bed making him yelp in surprise. Peter lands on his back and the alpha bodily covers him proceeding to ravish him.

Yup, they’re totally going to have a baby after this honeymoon.

It’s past noon when they finally get out of bed with Wade carrying a giggling Peter whispering *promising things* to his ear. It’s awfully distracting but not unwelcomed.

A knock on the door takes their attention. Peter hops off him and stretches, “Go get that, gotta pee.” And he heads to the bathroom.

Wade pouts, clearly the omega’s mood is dampened by the knock. Nonetheless, he goes to open the door albeit with a bit more aggression than necessary and a big frown on his face. He doesn’t even bother to wear a shirt, uncaring if whoever it is sees his scars.

When he sees the interrupter, a big smile etches its way on his face.

“Coulson! What are you doing here, buddy?! I’m a little sad you didn’t attend the wedding but I’ll take it! Come in! Come in!” And Wade whisks the omega in and motions for him to sit on the couch.

Coulson gives him an apologetic smile and then to Peter who joins them looking more presentable than Wade. “I’m sorry I disturbed your honeymoon.”

“Ahh, don’t mind! Don’t mind! We just finished doing to nasty anyway so-- ow!” Peter’s sharp elbow hitting his arm stops his unnecessary divulging of information.

Peter clears his throat and gives the older omega a sincere smile, “It’s fine. We haven’t met formally. I’m Peter.” He holds out his hand and Coulson takes his hand giving it a firm shake.

“I’m Agent Phil Coulson, from SHIELD.”

Giving a nod Peter continues, “Pleased to meet you. Wade’s mentioned you before and I’m glad that he’s fond of you amongst an organization that he… uhm… is not in agreement with.”

“Ah yes. SHIELD is very strict and Mr. Wilson is quite… volatile. I, however, find him to be a good potential asset.” His smile tightens. “Which is why I’m here. Again, I apologize for this sudden and untimely proposition, but SHIELD would like your assistance.”

Coulson sees the frown the couple gives him. Questioning and waiting for him to elucidate. Understandable since he basically barges in so suddenly on their honeymoon. He opens his briefcase and pulls out a folder with SHIELD’s crest printed up front. He slides it to Wade and the alpha takes it.

Wade remains silent as he sees what it contains.

Peter however, reacts with wide eyes.

“Avengers Initiative…” He gasps out.

Peter turns to his alpha and he sees the conflict reigning in Wade’s eyes. Peter knows it’s the look Wade has when he’s overwhelmed and his mind is running a mile a minute with different thoughts. “Wade…” He calls and lays a hand on Wade’s thigh. “Wade. They want you to be an Avenger.”

Still, Wade’s speechless and Coulson takes that opportunity to speak and Peter turns to him. “Yes. I am aware that you’ve been… applying… for years and denied every time. I took it upon myself to re-elect you. We found out that a bigger threat is coming upon us. We *need* more extraordinary people to fight.”

Peter turns to Wade again, waiting for his decision.

Ever since Wade changed, the alpha's *always* wanted to be a part of something bigger. To be a *hero* . And to hear that Wade actually tried to join the Avengers only to be denied many times makes Peter's heart clench. Only when they *really* needed him did they consider Wade. Agent Coulson even had to vouch for him. Peter doesn't like the thought that Wade's a last resort. Wade is every bit of a hero as any of them.

"Hey…" Peter cups Wade's face to turn to him. "You can think about it. Right, Agent Coulson?" He tells rather than ask Coulson.

The older omega gives a firm nod. "Of course. We'll give you 24 hours." And with that, he excuses himself and leaves.

"Wade--"

"I don't want to join them."

That takes Peter aback and his eyes search Wade's eyes. All he sees is certainty. Wade senses his confusion and gives the omega a reassuring smile and shifts his head a little to plant a kiss on Peter's palm that's gently cupping his face.

"I don't need them to feel like a hero. I have you and Ellie. And that's all I need." He says and Peter smiles softly. " *But…"* Wade adds with a smirk and the brunette frowns again, confused. "It wouldn't hurt to make them see what they missed."

Peter processes that a second and then a sly grin makes its way on his lips, "Yeah, show them how *strong* of an alpha I have." He purrs.

"Ooohh me likey!"

And Wade jumps him again.

Yup, he's totally going to get pregnant.

The following day they meet with Coulson at SHIELD's base there in Prague.

"You have your answer?" Coulson asks with his perpetual professional smile.

Wade nods. He's wearing his Deadpool uniform and Peter right beside him. "I accept." And Coulson's smile widens fractionally to which Wade smirks. "On one condition."

The older omega's smile drops back to his default mona lisa smile. "And whatever could that condition be?"

" *I* get to join." Peter pipes in. Coulson looks baffled and eyes him steadily. For sure he thinks they're messing with him.

"I'm sorry, but what *can you do?* "

That obvious challenge and doubt in his voice only makes the couple's smile widen.

_-_-_-_-_-_-_

Three Years Later

New York

The loud crash of Rhino hitting the side of a building rumbles through the streets and people scramble away enough to be out of harm's way but near enough to see the action.

"Alright, Aleksei. How many times must I tell you to stay in your room? You even invited your friends over!"

The people cheer when Spider-Man lands on a lamp post, lecturing the villain, his hands on his hips. When no answer comes, it's evident that Rhino is *finally* out cold. Peter smiles under his mask and waves at the people, making them cheer again. Yeah, this feels damn good.

"Hey, Spidey~!" That voice makes him grin and he looks down to see Wade.

"Deadpool." He greets, feigning nonchalance and hops down to greet the merc. "You done with your baddy?"

"Yup! Big brother's got him. Got any plans for your anniversary? I have ideas on what your alpha will appreciate. " Wade asks wagging his brows and it takes everything for Peter to not chuckle to keep their platonic facade when in costume.

The public doesn't know who Spider-Man is -as how the couple intends- and people know Deadpool is married so it'd look bad if the ex-merc flirts with Spider-Man.

"Oh, don't worry. I know my alpha *very well* ." He states and turns to walk away.

"Your hubby is one lucky motherfu--!"

"Spider-Man. Deadpool. We'd appreciate an extra set of hands." Cap's voice through the comms cut Wade off and Peter halts.

"Ask Spidey! He's got eight!" And Peter just has to laugh at Wade's comment and they head to where Cap tells them.

The two of them stand on a small building's rooftop and looks down to see the other Avengers fighting a horde of mechanical beasts they contained in that area.

"That looks fun." Peter says and Wade hums in agreement.

Before the omega could jump to action, Wade grabs him by the waist, spins him so they're chest-

to-chest. Good thing there isn't anyone here other than their teammates to see them.

"Let's end this quick so we could celebrate our anniversary, yeah?" The older man suggests in a deeper tone and Peter has to bite lip bottom lip, running his hand up on Wade's pecs to encircles his arms around the taller man's neck.

"We'd have to wait for the kids to sleep."

Yes, *kids.*

Peter's right when he predicted he'll get pregnant after their first honeymoon. Nine months later they welcome their twins: Mary and Richard. Ellie cries from happiness and fulfills her promise of being the best big sister ever.

"Are you open to having more?"

Peter chuckles, "Well, we *do* have to meet Ellie's quota of having lots of brothers and sisters."

Wade leans down closer, "Two down, six more to go?"

"Okay that's too many."

"Meet in the middle?"

Peter hums in thought. A thought that's cut off when Iron Man hollers over to them. "You two! No anniversary gift if you don't represent! And it's a good anniversary gift so hustle!"

"Aww, you hear that, darling? The team is helpless without us." Wade coos and Peter snickers.

"Come on, time to work for a living!" And he pulls away from Wade to jump into the fray with Wade hot on his heels.

Never in Peter’s wildest dreams did it occur to him that his life will turn out like this.

Raising three kids while trying to juggle his day job as a scientist for Stark Industries, secretly being Spider-Man on the side, *and* being the mate of *Deadpool* ? It’s crazy and wild but Peter wouldn’t have it any other way.

He’d always live his life being safe and content to where he is, but when he met Wade, he made Peter see a whole new side of life.

A more colorful and eccentric side filled with endless unknowns. And having a family with him opened up even more avenues for Peter to explore and enjoy.

For Peter, loving Wade Wilson truly is an adventure.

And Wade will forever be thankful that he walked in that door; one warm afternoon and had a meeting with his potential love life turned forever partner.

Chapter End Notes

Uhmm... Ta-da? xD

I hope you guys liked it! ^w^ you guys dont know how close i was to write smut but i just dont have time and i dont think itll work for this fic anyways xD In another note, I envision Pete's spidey costume to be the PS4 Spider-Man costume since that looks very modern and freaking awesome. I am so thankful for all the support for this fic!! ♥(ˆ◡ˆ৩) really, you guys are AWESOME! reading your lovely comments makes me feel that working on this is worth my while :)

For the final time, please let me know what you think! ^^

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!